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MR. MACDONALD ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE MARQUIS DE LA ROUARIE (COL. ARMAND).

[A paper read before the New York Historical Society, May 6, 1851.]

MR. MACDONALD gave to the subject of his paper a position next to Lafayette among the French adventurers who bore part in the American Revolutionary war. The Marquis de la Rouarie was a young nobleman of Brittany, of about the same age as Lafayette, who was bred to the profession of arms, and at an early age was created an officer in the French Guards. His early irregularities were so daring and unrestrained as to acquire for him the reputation of being the greatest *frondeur* among the youth of France. He became fascinated to the last degree by Mlle. Beaumesnil, the most charming actress of that day, whom he wished to marry; but she rejected his suit. He challenged and fought his rival, and these repeated acts of insubordination drew upon him the royal displeasure, and led to his dismissal from the army. Stung by his disgrace, and in despair, he attempted his own life, and rescued by his friends he retired to La Trappe, where he was about to take the vow of perpetual silence.

"This" (said Mr. Macdonald) "was about the time when the heroic struggle of the American States for independence first began to attract attention and awaken sympathy throughout Europe. All the efforts of La Rouarie's friends to rescue him from what they considered a living tomb were in vain, until they related to him the enthusiasm which reigned throughout Paris when news was received of the Roman steadiness of the Continental Congress; and that under the most adverse circumstances, and while the whole world regarded transatlantic liberty as in the last agonies of existence, Washington had accomplished the two brilliant achievements of Princeton and Trenton, over a numerous and hitherto victorious army."

Roused by this appeal to his sympathies, the young Frenchman came out again into the world, espoused the cause of American Free-

dom, and came immediately to offer his services to Congress.

This was in 1777, and on the 10th of May he received from that body the rank of Colonel, and was commissioned to raise a partisan corps of Frenchmen, consisting of horse and foot, and not exceeding in number 200. By the indefatigable industry of its commander, the Legion was soon raised in part, and when sufficiently trained to do service, was first employed in assisting to cover the frontiers of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It was in the autumn ensuing that Col. Armand made his maiden essay in war, when, in a skirmish on the banks of the Delaware, his horse was shot under him, and he received a slight wound.

During the spring and summer of 1778 he was assiduously engaged in drilling his legion, and completing it to its numerical complement. In the latter part of the summer it consisted of about fifty horse and 100 infantry, very efficiently trained for service—and they were immediately opposed to the best partisan troops of the enemy. He was posted on the lines of the neutral ground in Westchester county. His first position was at Bedford-New-Purchase in the vicinity of North Castle Church; afterwards he was stationed along the high grounds east of Sing Sing and Tarrytown, which commanded a view of the Hudson, for the purpose of preventing intercourse between British vessels of war and the disaffected inhabitants. Opposed to him and watching all his movements were the Lieutenant-Colonels Simecoe, Tarleton, and Emereich, and Major Barmore; undoubtedly the most daring and enterprising of all the partisans then in the enemy's service.

In the beginning of 1779, Armand was authorized to recruit in the different States, and the restriction which confined his enlistment to foreigners was removed. About the middle of June, when Gen. Heath received orders to join the main army, preparatory to taking command of the troops on the east bank of the Hudson, the cavalry of the legion escorted him from Springfield to New Windsor. The whole corps soon afterwards recrossed the North River and encamped for some time in Lower Salem, under General Robert Howe, being engaged with Glover's brigade, and Moylan's and Sheldon's horse, in shielding the country from the enemy's depredations; after which, they again took post a short distance above Tarrytown, to watch the British vessels and prevent intercourse with the shore. The commander of the legion could now perform this service with much greater success than before. His force amounted to about 200 men—about one third cavalry;—he had become better acquainted with the country, and many of his recruits came from the immediate vicinity. He undertook several daring enterprises with various success, but all evincing his skill and bravery.

Among these, Mr. Macdonald gave a spirited account of his surprise and capture of Major Barmore, the celebrated commander of the Westchester Refugees, and the unsuccessful similar attempt against Col. De Lancey, who had succeeded Barmore in command.

In 1780 Armand received orders to join the Southern Army, about the time that Gates

took the command. Difficulties occurred between that General and Col. Armand, which led to more serious differences, and these were aggravated by the general orders which Gates issued just before the disastrous affair of Camden; the officers and men of the legion discovering in the unusual and excessive service which had devolved upon them, resentment on the part of the American General and a design to sacrifice them. After that engagement not one half of the legionary soldiers ever joined their colors at Hillsborough, which became their rallying point; all the rest having been either killed, captured, or dispersed. Gates was unsparingly censured by most of his officers. "I will not assert," said Armand in the afternoon of the day on which the battle was fought, "that we have been betrayed;—but if it had been the purpose of the General to sacrifice his army, what could he have done more effectually to answer that purpose?"

In September, the remains of the corps were sent to forage and prepare cantonments for the winter; while the Colonel himself went to Philadelphia and in the ensuing month of February embarked for France, with a determination to procure the means necessary for forming and equipping a new legion. He returned in the following autumn just in time to participate in the honors and successes that awaited the combined armies of Washington and Rochambeau at Yorktown. He was one of the storming party under Hamilton, which on the night of the 14th October attacked and carried the redoubt on the left of the enemy's lines. "Allow me the satisfaction," says Hamilton in his letter to Lafayette, "of expressing our obligations to Col. Armand, and also to Capt. Segonge, the Chevalier de Fontivieux, and Capt. Bedkin, officers of his corps, who acting upon this occasion as volunteers, proceeded at the head of the right column, and entering the redoubt among the first, by their gallant example contributed to the success of the enterprise."

In February, 1782, having recruited his corps, Armand joined, together with Lauzun's legion, the Southern Army under Greene; but as hostilities languished towards the close of the war, he does not seem to have been actively employed. In the following March (1783) Congress gave him the rank of Brigadier General. He remained in this country until the beginning of 1784; and upon his return to France, by the intercession of Washington, he was received with distinction, and restored to the French army, with a rank and actual command, at once honorable and satisfactory.

In the early stages of the French Revolution, La Rouarie warmly favored the agitation, with a view towards constitutional government, but he opposed the subversion of the ancient institutions. He advocated great and general reforms in the nation, and a proper limitation of the Royal power. He incurred the displeasure of the court and underwent an imprisonment in the Bastille. But the enormous pretensions of the popular branch of the States General and the sanguinary excesses which soon followed, checked his zeal in the career of innovation.

In 1790, the royalist association in Brittany

was formed, of which he became the leader, and charged with the management, civil and military, of the confederation. He prosecuted this work with his accustomed energy and activity, and completed a thorough organization.

Suspected by the revolutionary authorities, he secured himself in his chateau from unauthorized attacks, by drawing around him a band of devoted followers, whom he trained in military exercises on foot and on horseback, causing them to mount guard by day and night for the protection of the castle.

Various unpropitious events discouraged the whole West of France then ready to break out into insurrection, and the rising of the Royalists was consequently postponed, though the organization was continued. Treachery on the part of one of the conspirators—Latouche-Cheffel, disclosed the whole affair to the Revolutionists—and La Rouarie was forced to secrete himself until the period arrived for the breaking out of the insurrection. But though compelled to fly from his chateau, he refused to leave the province, but still secretly visited the chiefs of the conspiracy—rousing and encouraging them by his zeal and enthusiasm.

But the constant exposures to which he subjected himself impaired his health, and he was soon prostrated by a mortal malady. The tidings of the king's death, which came to him at this crisis, precipitated his fate. On the morning of the 30th day of January, 1793, after a sickness of 14 days, he expired in the delirium of a raging fever; at one moment mourning for the monarchy, and at the next, uttering imprecations against the revolutionary leaders.

Notwithstanding the most careful precautions on the part of his friends, the discovery of the papers of the conspiracy involved them in one common ruin; though the great body of the conspirators escaped, their roll having been fortunately destroyed.

In person, the Marquis was above the middle size, of athletic form and dark complexion. A contemporary said "he resembled the portraits of the young nobleman of the League." Educated for the army, he excelled in all the accomplishments of a soldier. Though born of high rank in his native France, he conformed at once to republican manners, upon his arrival in America, and was known here only as Colonel or General Armand. He was very popular among the country people, and his memory is still cherished by the few associates still lingering on the stage of life. He continued to take a lively interest in the prosperity of the United States, and remembered with gratitude the kindness and liberality with which his own services had been welcomed and appreciated in America. He secured the friendship of Washington, and corresponded with him almost to the end of his life. "The untimely departure of the Marquis de la Rouarie was long and deeply lamented by his associates; and History in times to come, while she records the heroic courage and romantic devotion that marked his career, will place him high in the roll of chivalry, along with the purest and loftiest specimens of the ancient French noblesse."

REMARKS OF DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS,
On the same evening, in support of the Resolutions to the
Memory of the late Philip Hone.

In casting my eyes around the present assembly (observed Dr. F.), I see many gentlemen better fitted than myself to speak of the character and worth of our late esteemed associate, Philip Hone; and I am thrice happy to have enjoyed the privilege of hearing his praises so aptly and

so feelingly uttered by the learned President of Columbia College. Yet the sympathy which the occasion naturally excites in my breast, as an old and intimate friend of the lamented deceased, will not permit me to be altogether silent after your appeal, Mr. President, to recollections among the most cherished of my professional experience. The urbanity and high tone of sentiment which distinguished Philip Hone, endeared his name to us as a true gentleman; his great industry in the cultivation of his mind, and the acquisition of knowledge amid the absorbing cares of mercantile life, is an example worthy of the highest respect; while the steadfast integrity which was the noblest element of his character, will gain for it enduring honor. Philip Hone, gentlemen, in addition to these claims upon our affectionate remembrance as a *man*, possessed others, none the less rare, as a *citizen*. He was a thorough American in feeling and principle, and a genuine Knickerbocker in local attachment and public spirit. He watched with the most intelligent zeal over the fortunes of the growing metropolis; identified himself with every project for his advancement; and labored with filial devotion in her behalf. Our most useful as well as our most ornamental changes won his attention and enlisted his aid: from the laying of a Russ pavement to the elaboration of a Church portico; from the widening of an avenue to the magnificent enterprise that resulted in the Croton aqueduct, Mr. Hone was the efficient coadjutor of his fellow-citizens. He was eminently conspicuous among the most eminent of our active and exalted men. Several of our most important and useful institutions are largely indebted to him for their successful establishment. With the late John Pintard he assiduously devoted his best energies in rearing the Savings Bank; and the Clinton Hall Association, with its important branch, the Mercantile Library, are indebted to him as its founder and greatest benefactor. He also, with others of the Hone family, gave support to the canal policy of his persecuted friend, De Witt Clinton: that mighty measure whose influence has shed the greatest blessings throughout the Union. I believe it is admitted without a dissentient voice that, as Mayor of New York, he is to be classed among the most competent and able Chief Magistrates our city ever possessed.

At the period of Mr. Hone's birth, his native city contained about twenty thousand inhabitants; at the time of his exit, five hundred thousand had been added to that number. It can easily be understood that so active a spirit in deeds of good report, for some thirty years and upwards, must have largely contributed to the promotion of the numerous works of beneficence and knowledge which have marked the career of so progressive and enterprising a population amidst whom he lived and labored.

But I forbear to be more minute in my specifications of the numerous institutions with which his renown is intimately blended.

His career as a merchant precluded extensive triumphs of scholarship. His mind was but partially imbued with classical lore; but its ceaseless activity, elegant tone, and judicious direction, rendered it not only a delightful resource to its possessor, but a blessing to the community. There can be little doubt that his Private Diary, embracing the records of his life and associations for a long number of years, will prove an historical document of permanent value. Through translations, Mr. Hone had grown familiar with the spirit and imagery of Classical and Italian literature. Homer and Tasso he read with delight; but

his favorite department of study was history—and here he was thoroughly at home, and a credit to this Society now convened to do him honor. Thus his public spirit, his private charities, gentlemanly address, studious habits, and fiscal integrity, combine to form a harmonious and noble specimen of character of which our city is justly proud, and around which will ever hang the incense of our undying remembrance.

In conclusion, may I be permitted to add, that his personal appearance was of an elegant and commanding order; that his physical infirmities for some time past, though they invaded not his intellectual faculties, gradually prepared him to foresee his earthly departure was at hand. Sustained by the consolations of religion, he closed his active and useful life, sensible to the last, composed and resigned, and surrounded by his family and relatives, on the 5th of May last, in the 71st year of his age.

I second the resolution offered by President King with my whole heart.

ABSURDITIES OF CERTAIN MODERN THEORIES OF EDUCATION.

BY TAYLER LEWIS.

III.

PHILOSOPHICAL USE OF THE MEMORY—MORAL AND SOCIAL INFLUENCES—CONSERVATISM AND PROGRESS—TRUE INDIVIDUALITY.

THE simple philosophy of the whole matter is this. In the acquisition of knowledge, or in mental effort, clearness is strength—confusion is weakness. The latter is worse than ignorance; for it does not leave the mind as it found it. On the other hand, nothing more tends to weaken its powers of thought and reasoning, than those obscure apprehensions and chaotic ideas, which are the result of despising nature's method. This consists in the simple process of conveying knowledge, as it clearly exists in one mind, from that mind to another in the form of distinct propositions; then connecting it with other truth previously lodged in the soul to which it is thus conveyed, or, in other words, making it to be understood; and then giving it up with confidence to the future action and modification of the recipient's own mental powers; so that it at last becomes his knowledge, virtually combined with his own mental organization. This is *instruction*—a *building in*, not upon a mere blank place, or capacity, but upon the soul's own ideas, or reminiscences, thus, through the careful training of other minds that have grown on in a similar way, brought out in fair proportions and harmonious development.

There is no mystery in this simple process of teaching, and, therefore, to some it cannot seem to be philosophical. It merely requires clear knowledge on the part of the teacher, and then a determination to make patience and accuracy the prime things in all his aims and efforts. Out of the docile reception of instruction thus effected, springs up afterwards that true independence or power of thinking for ourselves, which can only really exist in a mind conscious of its own strength, as derived from the distinctness of that knowledge, from which and with which it thinks. Let facts decide the questions here involved. Let them determine which method of instruction produces the greater number of men who may be truly said to think for themselves; and from what schools, on the other hand, come the most of those, who are after all but the slaves of the public sentiment of the passing hour, whilst in their extravagant conceit, they are led to despise that accumulating inheritance of truth, which all ages have left behind them, after the froth and foam of each has passed away.

It is itself a parrot-like caricature, which

describes all teaching of the memoriter kind as excluding philosophical explanation. If former times have erred in making instruction depend too much on the memory alone, or on naked forms of words, the present tendency is certainly to the other, and, we think, worse extreme. The mischief of the first error is sooner cured, because more easily discovered, and carries with it, besides, its own remedy. Without entering here into the philosophy of language, it will be sufficient to appeal to the common experience in proof of the intimate connexion between right words and right thoughts. We have already given two examples of the current cant of the times. One is the famous maxim which exhorts the student to think for himself; the other is the making it a merit that he should express his ideas in his own language. We may complete the trio of absurdity, by referring to the common laudation of the knowledge of things as contrasted with the study of words. Now this is sheer nonsense. Common as it is, we make no apology for thus styling it. It is sheer nonsense thus to separate, or attempt to separate, what God has joined together in the constitution of the human mind; in other words, to sever thought from the mould or medium through which alone it becomes thought, either for those to whom it is to be communicated, or for the contemplation of the mind itself that *thinks the thought*—that is, holds it out as something objective to itself. Language is itself an emanation of the mind, but as existing objectively, it is the outward medium by which the soul reads itself. There cannot, therefore, be exact thoughts without exact words; and nothing is more idle than to talk of men's having ideas they cannot express, or which cannot be expressed. If this is so, it is because they have not been truly formed in the soul; there is yet a haze about them that prevents their assuming distinct outline or feature; for the moment this takes place, that moment do they clothe themselves in right words. The assertion may be true of mere feeling, or of what is sometimes called sentiment. These may be ineffable, because possessed of no real objectivity. But ideas are for all minds; and it is no true *idea*, if it cannot be *seen* by the soul; for this is implied in the very etymology of the term; and it cannot be seen except in the light through which alone it becomes visible; and this diaphanous medium is language, which, although emanating from the mind itself, becomes, in this way, to the inner what the optical light is to the more outward sense.

If the light is but darkness without the eye, so is the eye but blindness without the light. Let proper language be prepared, then, as this true mould or medium of the intelligence, that it may read its own thoughts, and when matured vision comes, it will see correctly what otherwise would be distorted or obscure. From mere facts and rules, and we will even venture to say, from words alone, thus treasured in the memory, even with little or no explanation at the time, the mind may afterwards of itself wake up to a right apprehension of the truths conveyed and so well expressed in these formulas; and when it does so, there is a spirit in good, well-chosen words, which gives a life-like distinctness to the thought it would never have possessed had it been borne in some other way.

The effect of the other process, when exclusively pursued, is like the growth of the seed sown on the barren rock, or on the light soil. It may suddenly spring up, but having no depth of well-prepared, or cultivated earth, into which its roots may penetrate, it soon withers away, or else spreads abroad in a rank, irregular

growth. And thus this lauded process of thinking for one's self—of thinking, in other words, without distinct thoughts or propositions to think upon, results so often in the blighted harvest of confused knowledge and mental imbecility.

Aristophanes, in his caricature of the Socratic doctrine of ideas, has a scene in which an ignorant booby is represented as placed on a pallet, in a dark room, and full of fleas, for the purpose of compelling him to think out for himself the abstract, or abstracting idea (if we may use the Greek pun) which was required. In some like incomprehensible manner, do those who are fond of this style, and who may be taken as the representatives of the school, regard every thing as having been elaborated or thought out by themselves. History, philosophy, morals, theology, natural science even—all take a new aspect from the transforming individuality of their own minds. They have thought for themselves, and know for themselves, and deem it therefore no violation of modesty to impose their own most original views on those, who have thought it wisest to try, at least, to take some general inventory of the world's stock of knowledge, before assuming to have added what will often be found, in the end, to be either gross error, or some marred aspect of truths as old as humanity.

This class of thinkers are, in general, the greatest foes to all those views of education, whose fundamental principle it is to enlighten and strengthen the individual mind by bringing it, as far as can be, into organic communion with the mind of the race, and which therefore would inculcate authority as the first great lesson for the intellectual as well as the moral nature; demanding faith, in this sense, as an indispensable prerequisite to the first true exercise of right reason, and as furnishing the firmest ground for subsequent mental independence. Hence their first, and last, and sole admonition, when giving advice to the young, is ever—think for yourselves—whether you think rightly, or clearly, or not, at all events *think for yourselves*—reject all mere authority that will not, in the very start, satisfy your private judgment, or individual reason, before it requires submission; indulge, accordingly, in the highest estimate of your own powers, for this necessarily follows from the spirit of the preceding advice;—be the “formers of your own minds,” and ever regard the knowledge and the “problem of life” as something to be worked out by each one, of himself, and for himself.

Thinking for ourselves! What meaning is there really in this so common phrase? Wherein is the true value of knowledge, or the essential nature of truth, varied by the mode of its acquisition? even should it be granted, that it might be well attained without a previous well-settled foundation of authority as the initial ground of solid future progress. If it be said, that acquisitions thus made are the more lasting, because the result of a greater effort, the answer, to which we have before alluded, is at once at hand—Such internal effort is never truly called out in this way. It has been said before, but we cannot too often repeat it, that the power of the mind is in proportion to the distinctness and accuracy of its knowledge. Its strength is its clearness. A little in this way well known—even a very little—leads on to a higher and more intense energy of thought and thinking, than ever came from those crude and obscure conceptions, clothed in indefinite and ill-chosen forms of speech, which characterize this lauded process, wherein from the very start, the pupil is ex-

horted to think for himself, to express his ideas in his own language, and to study things instead of words. With rare exceptions, such a course must lead to one of two results. It either produces a flatulent state of mind, full of falsities both of thought and language; or else, after a brief period of seemingly rapid advance, involves the soul that would think in utter confusion, bringing along with it as its natural consequences perplexity, discouragement, the painful sense of loose and chaotic knowledge, ever enfeebling, as it bewilders the intellect, and thus rendering it more and more incapable of any earnest and vigorous effort.

But there is another department of our general subject, which is not to be overlooked. The moral and social influences of the two courses of education are to be considered, as well as their mere intellectual bearings. The one, as we have endeavoured to show, actually enfeebles the mind, but at the same time fills it with a vain conceit of independence and originality even in the very alphabet of knowledge. The other, whilst it strengthens, at the same time inculcates a docile humility. It inspires true confidence in itself, whilst it cherishes also the humane or fraternal, instead of the individualizing, selfish spirit. The soul is led to feel an enhanced interest in its acquisitions as connected with the previous common stock of a past humanity. It rejoices in any additions it may itself make, by way of discovery, as deriving their value mainly from their relation to such a former knowledge of the race, and as actually growing out of it after the law of a natural and rational progress. Instead of finding gratification in the narrow and selfish idea of thinking of itself, and for itself, it has a most exquisite pleasure in the consciousness of a communion of thought with the wise, and good, and sober-minded of all ages.

With those who maintain the view against which we contend, education is mainly and pre-eminently individualizing. At least such is their claim. They boast of this as being not only its peculiar result, but also its peculiar merit. The knowledge acquired, the strength of mind, the mental habits, or the intellectual and moral position, are of little or no account *per se*, when compared with their fancied originality, or with what they would style the development of the strongly marked independent, and free thinking individual character.

Now the first and most obvious objection to this, arises from the fact of its creating for the soul another interest, controlling, if not wholly superseding that which should ever be highest and strongest—the interest of truth. This is something more than an intellectual evil, or a wrong done to the intellect. It is a most serious moral mischief, thus to produce a habit of mind in which everything must tend to make individuality of thought, or, in other words, thinking for ourselves, of more account than thinking right, even though it be with others; and which thus produces, not only an interest higher than truth, but also a temptation to prefer even wrong thinking, if supposed to be original, to acquiescence in old and well-settled opinion. We believe that one who has been trained under such an influence, is much less likely, on that very account, to become a true Christian, or even to develop the fairest traits of what is commonly called morality. There is great reason for regarding this false interest as the chief moral taint of our literary period, carrying with it many other moral evils in its train, and thus bringing that class who ought to be the refiners and the elevators of our humanity, under the influence of some of the lowest passions of our nature.

But waiving all such considerations, and even admitting for the sake of argument, that such individuality might be secured without this danger of sacrificing the higher interests of truth, we may still doubt whether it is really desirable in itself, or is even a true result of right education. In opposition to all that is now so frequently said, it may be maintained, that the more a man has been brought under the power of a true *educating* process, be it limited or extensive (provided only its several parts be adjusted to a proper harmony), the more is he *drawn out* of himself (*educatus*, educated), or out of his native individualism, into a harmonizing community of sentiment with the thoughtful and reasoning humanity of all ages. The other idea, although held by many who profess the most philanthropic zeal, does in fact cherish a partial and one-sided interest in humanity, or rather a most intensely selfish love of certain partial opinions assuming the name of universal benevolence, whilst all experience shows, that, in the end, it ever manifests its real nature in the exhibition of a fanatical and ferocious spirit.

The true view of education, as the carrying on the collected knowledge of the race, or the handing down the torch of truth as it steadily grows in distinctness and splendour from age to age, must, from its very nature, more and more cherish in the soul the noble sentiment of the Roman poet,

"Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto."

We may also illustrate the thought by the old comparison of the statue in the block of marble; although this, at first, might seem rather to favor the individualizing view. It may be said, however, with perfect consistency, that the true mental culture, the further it is carried, ever chips off the projecting and distorting individualism, and thus educates, that is, brings the subject out of his native rubbish, into the form, and measure, and proportions of the truest humanity.

Seldom has more truth and wisdom been conveyed in few words than in that short aphorism of Burke, "*the individual man is weak, but the race is strong.*" All true education should recognise it, not only as the foundation, but as the key-stone and finish of mental culture. Of this, the design and tendency should ever be to harmonize the mind with itself, and with all other minds that have been the subjects of a similar discipline. Such a uniting process may be traced in any one science viewed solely in reference to itself, without regard to its general effect in connexion with others. Take musical culture for example. Before the soul has experienced its influence in attuning to a common temperament, each man has his psalm, or his song, or what is absurdly called his natural taste. It is contended that there is the same right to differ here as in the gratification of the mere animal appetites. The maxim, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, is applied with as much confidence to the semi-intellectual eye and ear, as to the merely sensual nose and palate. We have a right, it is said, to love what is inharmonious in theory, if we choose; or to be fond of the mere luscious and unregulated concords, tickling the sense, but having no science, and no relation to a common reason, which commands us to love and admire only what it approves. When, however, the attention is closely given to music as a system, it is found to be something more than a matter of sense. The mere animal tastes of individuals, (diverse and individual because they are sensual) converge more and more to a

common standard. Individual characteristics and peculiarities will still exist; but, as real advance is made, there is also discovered, more and more, a growing unity, in which all truly scientific musicians tend to an agreement, and which becomes the common measure of what is truly right and excellent. The discords arising from ignorance and want of culture are one after another resolved. Each is enabled to determine *a priori*, what would be pleasing to all, and thus do they continually draw nearer to the true natural taste, instead of that which each man had previously claimed as being one with the decision of his own individual sense. It may be called the true natural taste, because it lies under all these individual sensitivities, which are ever varying with the outward influences, and because it is only brought out by going down below the sense to some ratio or reason that is universal, and may, therefore, become the foundation of a common science.

Should it be said, by way of objection to the illustration, that this unity, or tendency to unity, is the result of a common system controlling the more natural or genuine tastes, and forcing them into agreement, the answer is promptly furnished by the fact, that such a musical system has been for ages growing out of the scientific cultivation, and that, therefore, there must be some deep ground for it lying further back than those individual preferences that are ever different according to the circumstances of time, and place, and physical temperament, that go to form them.

As with the particular science of music, so also is it in respect to that culture which consists in a harmonious combination of the various departments of knowledge, physical, political, social, moral, metaphysical, and theological. Just in proportion as such culture has been thorough and extensive, will there be a drawing together of all cultivated minds, a merging of those ideas, so prized by some for their fancied novelty, which grow out of the individualizing spirit, and are the peculiar boast of those who call themselves self-educated men, and of what is so appropriately styled the self-educating method. Just as the true and well-harmonized educational progress goes on, are these conceits dropped one by one, as doctrines that have over and over again been broached and exploded under ever shifting aspects, whilst there is brought out, more and more, that conservative harmony of thought in reference to all great fundamental truths, which constitutes the only solid basis for an organic, and, therefore, a real and permanent progress.

Let education, then, be thorough and well-proportioned, as far as it goes, or, in other words, combining a proper adjustment of the several departments of knowledge; let it be liberal, *ταῖς ἐκτετακταις*, as Aristotle calls it, that is, for man as man, instead of being ever warped to those one-sided, partial pursuits, that have falsely usurped the name of the practical, and which will ever take care of themselves, without any special patronage; let it, in short, be predominantly spiritual, in the most catholic sense of the word, as opposed generally to the materializing tendency of almost all that goes under the name of business, and which needs to be repressed rather than stimulated in the soul's early training: let education have these characteristics, we say, and without doubt will it be conservative, constructive, truly progressive, and humane—that is cherishing a respect for the common reason and universal sentiments of the race, and for all those institutions which have ever grown out of their spontaneous action, or which justly claim for themselves a divine ap-

pointment. Such institutions, instead of destroying for the sake of any untried forms or fancied reforms, it would ever conserve, by making them share in the true progress of the race, so far as such progress may be an upward as well as an onward movement of our humanity. It would thus conserve, by ever modifying them into fresh channels for good, and thus regarding them as the abiding media, through which the best and highest life of which we are capable in this world is to be developed. Let education, on the other hand, be everywhere partial, utilitarian in the ordinary sense of the word, one-sided—let it be rapid and superficial in its course, as it ever must, and will be, when regarded as a means to success in what is called business, or as subordinate to any end that is actually of a lower nature than itself—let it be predominantly physical and materializing—let it cast off all deference to authority, and all connexion with the past—let it be proud of an assumed independence, clamorous for private judgment in that sense which denies that any truths are conclusively settled for the human reason, boastful of the present, ever straining its vision upon the dim and shadowy future, and it will inevitably be radical in the worst sense of the term, disorganizing, destructive, individualizing, truly unfriendly with all its pretensions to the contrary, ever cherishing jealousies in regard to personal rights and social distinctions, and, therefore, amid all its boasts of progress in the physical and material, actually tending to a degeneracy both of the intellectual and the moral nature.

It may be said, too, of education regarded under the first of these aspects, that whilst it brings out the humanity, it at the same time more distinctly develops the higher and stronger individual characteristics than the opposite course, although the latter makes this last result one of its loudest boasts. We often hear it said that the worth of the individual man has but just now been discovered and acknowledged; heretofore he was regarded only in connexion with his race, or as a member of the State or of the Church. This, it has been alleged, is brought about mainly by these new views of education, which refuse a servile submission to authority, which teach every man to think for himself, and be the "former of his own intellectual character."

Let it, however, be tested at once by an appeal to the facts of human history. When have the individual strength, and characteristics, and power for good, been most strongly developed? under that view of culture which magnifies the claims and rights of the private man and of the private mind regarded by itself, or that which attaches importance to it mainly in its relations to the common institutions of humanity? Under which view is man more truly elevated? Which confers upon him a more real dignity—that which regards him as a fragment of a mass, each separate segment of which is striving to individualize itself, or that which treats him as a living member of a living organism, from whence is derived, not only the utilitarian value of each member, but also its distinct individuality as a part, and aside from which it becomes dead, and worthless, and nameless, as a severed limb, when taken out of its relation of membership to a living body? Again, under what circumstances, and at what periods, may we expect more of a mediocre sameness, than when the age is everywhere boasting of this very tendency to individualism? Or when may we look for less of true originality than at a time when every child is taught to repeat this inane self-laudation, and all distinction of individual thought

is lost, because no man has room for anything else than a barren idea of progress, a contempt for the past, and a blinding reverence for an unknown future? The appeal is made to history and experience; let them answer.

When, on the other hand, a broad humanity is thus made the pervading and controlling idea of education, especially of what we call liberal education, the individual characteristics themselves, it may be repeated, are more truly brought out and made available, because grounded on so sure a foundation. He stands out most distinctly from the rest, who has the most of this common humanity. All genuine reformers have ever first looked back, and built on old fundamental principles which had become unsettled and obscured. Such have been the most prominent as individuals, from the very fact that more than others have they exhibited in themselves the power of the common mind. They have led and fashioned the spirit of their own age, because, more than other men have they possessed the spirit of all ages.

The world has seldom, if ever, been truly carried forward by minds of an opposite class. Whenever and wherever there has been a true and powerful awakening of the human soul, such as has left its deep mark on succeeding times, then and there we look in vain for any of that cant which now presents itself in so many boasting and offensive forms. There is more talk of "new ideas," and "great developments," and the "wonderful age," and "our most remarkable period," in one modern lecture before a young men's association, than in all the political and philosophical writings which distinguished the stirring periods of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We may often hear more of it in one sermon than the most thorough search could find in all the writings of the Reformation; although every thing in that new, and changing, and deeply exciting state of things, might be naturally supposed to stimulate to such a style, had there not been something of an opposite nature which tended to keep down all false inflation. In fact, the age was too serious a one for any such gasconade; it was too deeply occupied with an earnest search for truth to talk much of its originality; it was too intent on getting a strong and sure foundation to be ever eulogizing its own work, or boasting of its superiority to all others.

CRITIQUE ON "THE NEW ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY BY SEBA SMITH."

BY PROF. E. LOOMIS, N. Y. UNIVERSITY.

II. I WILL now proceed to notice some particulars in which Mr. Smith differs from the mathematicians.

Mr. Smith begins his "New Elements of Geometry" with the declaration that, "there is but one kind of quantity in Geometry; and that lines, surfaces, and solids are all of the same nature;"—that each of them possesses extension in every direction—that a line, therefore, possesses breadth and thickness as measurable as its length. His reasoning is this: "It is impossible that a line can exist unless it is formed of some material substance which occupies a portion of space," p. 23. "It must, therefore, possess extension in every direction from its centre." "An inch, therefore," he maintains, "is always one cubic inch."

Now, I am ready to admit that a material line must have breadth and thickness as well as length—but the lines treated of by Euclid are not material lines—they are purely intellectual conceptions—Ideal, if you choose to call them so—and it is simply because they are

ideal, that the Propositions of Geometry are absolutely true. If the lines employed were material lines, though as fine as the finest platinum wire, the Propositions of Geometry would be only approximately true.

One of the first Propositions in the New Elements will illustrate this remark. Proposition VII. reads thus: "The diameter of a circle inscribed in an equilateral triangle equals two thirds of the perpendicular of the triangle." This Proposition is true as the terms are defined by Euclid—but it is not true as the terms are defined by Mr. Smith. That it cannot be true in both senses is obvious from this consideration: that the diameter of the circle has not the same length according to the two definitions. According to Euclid the diameter has no breadth—according to Mr. Smith the diameter has breadth—it is a rectangle—one end of it must, therefore, meet the circumference of the circle in two points—that is the end of the rectangle is a chord of the circle. The length of such a diameter cannot be the same as that of a diameter which is supposed to have no breadth.

We are told in Arithmetic that nine square feet make one square yard. But this is not true except upon the supposition that the boundary between the adjacent squares into which a square yard is supposed to be divided, has no breadth. If the boundary lines have breadth, and if a square foot be supposed to be the space contained within the inner edge of its bounding line, then nine square feet will be less than a square yard; but if a square foot be supposed to be the space contained within the outer edge of its bounding line, then nine square feet will be greater than a square yard. We cannot conceive how nine square feet should make one square yard, except upon the supposition that the boundary which separates two adjacent square feet has no breadth.

We are told that twenty-seven cubic feet make one cubic yard. But this is not true except upon the supposition that the boundary between two adjacent cubes into which the entire cubic yard is supposed to be divided, has no thickness.

We might ask Mr. Smith, what is his idea of the parallel of forty-nine degrees, which forms the boundary between the United States and the British Possessions. Is it formed of "some material substance which occupies a portion of space?" A parallel of latitude, whether it be regarded as a line or a circle, is understood by astronomers, and by statesmen also, to have no breadth. It is not a material substance.

Again, according to our late treaty with Mexico, the southern boundary of California "consists of a straight line drawn from the middle of the Rio Gila, where it unites with the Colorado, to a point on the coast of the Pacific ocean distant one league from the south of San Diego." Is this straight line to be interpreted according to the definitions of the "New Elements of Geometry?"

Most of the propositions of the New Elements were selected for the purpose of illustrating this one principle that an inch always means a cubic inch, and it is not therefore strange that the book should abound in crudities, inconsistencies, and absurdities. It will be sufficient to exhibit a few of them as a specimen.

On page 25 Mr. Smith says: "If we bisect a line, the place of bisection, where the two halves of the line meet each other, we call a point." On p. 27 he says, "a mathematical line is made up of a succession of single and

equal units,"—and these units he says are cubes. To bisect a line, therefore, is to bisect a cube—and the place of bisection, he says, is a point. It follows from these premises that a point has breadth and thickness. But on p. 25 he says, "the nature of a point is rightly given in the books"—and the books agree that a point has neither breadth nor thickness. I am unable to reconcile these statements.

Again, p. 151, he says, "Every mathematical line is a rectangle, and as every rectangle has a diagonal, it follows that every right line has a diagonal." Proposition 67 asserts that, "the diagonal of every right line is the square root of a quantity exceeding the square of the quantity by one." Again, Definition 65 asserts that "the diagonal of a parallelogram is a straight line passing through the centre and extending to two opposite angles." Since, then, the diagonal of a right line is a right line, it follows that this diagonal must have a second diagonal—and as this diagonal is a right line, it follows from Proposition 67, that it must have a third diagonal, and so on without limit. Moreover, each diagonal is longer than the preceding, so that by pursuing this process sufficiently far we should arrive at a diagonal indefinitely longer than the original line. All this is not only puerile, but inconsistent with Mr. Smith's own premises. For he says, "every line is made up of a succession of equal units," and this unit is always a cube. Hence it follows that every line is a prism whose base is a square, and the diagonal of the line is not the diagonal of a rectangle, but of a solid; and it is not the square root of a quantity exceeding the square of the line by one, but exceeding the square of the line by two.

Perhaps, also it may not be amiss to inquire what name Mr. Smith will give to the sides or boundaries of a straight line. If every straight line is a rectangle, are the boundaries of this rectangle straight lines in the sense of Euclid, or in that of the "New Elements?"

Compare this nonsense with the simplicity of the terms employed by mathematicians. When we speak of the line which joins the centre of the moon with the centre of the earth we mean a line, and not a rectangle or a prism. We have no occasion, therefore, to compute the diagonal of the moon's distance from us.

On page 197 Mr. Smith asserts that "if we take a given surface equal to six square inches, and measure the space inclosed by that surface under different forms, we shall find that in the form of the tetrahedron it will inclose the least possible bulk that it can inclose in any form whatever."

This Proposition would be beautiful if it were true, but unfortunately it is altogether false. A square prism whose surface is six square inches, and altitude one tenth of an inch, has a capacity less than half that of the above mentioned tetrahedron. Indeed, by diminishing the altitude of the prism, we may render the capacity infinitely small, while the surface shall remain constantly the same.

Again on p. 29 Mr. Smith asserts that "there are no quantities or magnitudes in nature that are incommensurable." "All magnitudes, whether of matter or space, are in their own absolute nature commensurable." This discovery is not inferior in importance to any contained in the "New Elements." The author was evidently aware that he had made an important discovery, for on p. 31 he says: "With regard to incommensurable quantities, which have always been so troublesome and perplexing to mathematicians from Euclid's

time to the present day, it may be one step toward getting over those difficulties to know that no such quantities really exist in nature."

It would indeed be no small solace to the Geometer to know that all quantities were commensurable; but unfortunately, Legendre has demonstrated that the diagonal and side of a square have no common measure. This demonstration has not been answered and is *unanswerable*.

Again, Legendre has proved that the diameter and circumference of a circle have no common measure. This demonstration is less elementary than the preceding, yet I do not know a mathematician who doubts Legendre's conclusion.

We are not surprised to hear that Mr. Smith has obtained some new light on the quadrature of the circle. Nearly three centuries ago, the ratio of the diameter of a circle to its circumference was determined correctly to ten decimal places. Subsequent computers have carried the approximation to 36, 72, 128, and finally to 250 decimal places. Mr. Smith's friend has discovered that the sixth decimal figure in this result (and of course all the subsequent figures) is erroneous. Mr. Smith expresses his conviction of the truth of his friend's conclusion. This announcement will create a profound sensation in the scientific world.

The perimeter of a regular polygon of 4000 sides *circumscribing* a circle is less than the circumference of the circle according to the result of Mr. Smith; as any tolerable arithmetician may satisfy himself by actual computation.

Mr. Smith devotes an entire section of his book to prove that "numbers are nothing but signs of magnitudes," and "must always represent magnitudes." In reply to this assertion we might ask, Is a mathematical point a magnitude? What shall we say of two points—three points, etc.? Do the numbers two and three here represent magnitudes? So also we speak of two hours—two years—two choices—two ideas—two souls—two spirits, etc. In truth we do not hesitate to apply the numerals two, three, etc., to anything which is capable of repetition.

After the examples already given, no one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Smith pronounces the usual division of the mathematics into pure and mixed to be only an imaginary distinction, and proposes to expunge so useless an absurdity from the books. This advice has been literally followed in the New Elements, from which the pure mathematics have been most carefully expunged.

Mr. Smith indulges in considerable self-gratulation for having discovered two new Propositions in Geometry, the fifty-second and sixty-eighth in his book. The sixty-eighth is in these words: "In every right angled triangle, the square of the hypotenuse equals four times the area of the triangle, plus the square of the difference of the other two sides." Upon this Mr. Smith remarks: "I discovered this demonstration in the month of June, 1850. I was not, at the time, even aware of the existence of the principle stated above, till it presented itself to me on the diagrams which I had drawn for another purpose. On stating my discovery to a mathematical friend, he informed me that this truth was known to mathematicians in the forms of arithmetic and algebra, and that a geometrical demonstration of it was considered a great desideratum, but was not supposed to be possible!"

Alas for Mr. Smith and his mathematical

friend! A Hindoo mathematician of the thirteenth century has given us identically the same Proposition, and has demonstrated it from identically the same figure, without even the slightest variation in the position of the parts. The English reader will find a full account of this subject in Hutton's Mathematical Tracts, vol. ii. page 172. The antiquity of this figure is certainly very great—perhaps extending back even to the days of Euclid.*

The other Proposition, of which Mr. Smith seems not a little proud, is in these words: "In all triangles whatever, the whole circumference bears the same proportion to the base as the perpendicular of the triangle bears to the radius of the inscribed circle." The demonstration of this Proposition is divided into eighteen Cases—of which fourteen are confined to isosceles triangles—one is devoted to a right angled triangle, and three to particular forms of oblique angled triangles. All these demonstrations, he says, "can be readily tested with the rule and compasses, with sufficient accuracy to establish their truth;" and it should be added, that the book does not contain any other demonstration of this Proposition than what is supposed to be derived from the compasses. And this is the kind of demonstration ostentatiously put forward in the New Elements—the demonstration of rule and compasses. No wonder the author should propose to banish the old-fashioned division of pure and mixed mathematics. The author seems never to have suspected that a Geometrical Theorem is not to be demonstrated by a mechanical construction with rule and compasses.

As for the originality of this Proposition, it consists merely of two equivalent expressions for the area of a triangle reduced to the form of a proportion. The area of a triangle is equal to half the product of its base by its altitude, and it is also equal to half the product of its perimeter by the radius of the inscribed circle. Each of these Propositions may be found demonstrated, without the use of compasses, in the common elementary books—such as Young's Geometry and Lardner's Euclid. It is impossible to say who may have been the original discoverer of these propositions, but we find them both employed by Archimedes, as belonging to the common stock of knowledge, more than 2000 years ago.

In conclusion, the substance of the preceding review may be summed up in two propositions:

1. *The new principles which Mr. Smith professes to have discovered (so far as they are true), have been known to mathematicians from time immemorial.*

2. *His new philosophy is calculated to spread a veil of darkness over a subject which before was clear as noonday.*

LITERATURE.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE ON POPE.†

We took occasion on the first appearance of the Earl of Carlisle's Remarks on America, in the newspaper reports (Lit. World, No. 207), to notice the general characteristics of his

* After the delivery of this lecture, Mr. Smith remarked that the preceding fact was entirely new to him, and that he had discovered the above proposition independently of the Hindoos. But this proposition is essentially the same as Euclid's forty-seventh proposition; and the diagram from which the latter proposition is demonstrated in various elementary works (e. g. the Geometry of L. U. K., p. 22) might, without any violent effort of originality, suggest the construction adopted by Mr. Smith.

† Travels in America. The Poetry of Pope. Two Lectures delivered before the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society, December 5th and 6th, 1850, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Carlisle (Lord Morpeth). Putnam.

opinions, with an estimate of the point of view from which he addressed a Mechanics' Society of England on the phenomena of this country. We found him an amiable, intelligent gentleman, of a moderate range of insight—a safe and agreeable dinner-table companion, of balanced opinions, quiet anecdote, unexceptionable though perhaps slow mirth. He did not affect any very profound philosophical view of America, nor did he exhilarate the hearts of the mechanics before him by a picture of the altered condition of labor in a new world, where labor blossomed rapidly into the full growth of the gentleman. He entertained his audience for an hour or two with the small talk of an Englishman who had been in America, seen the usual sights on the surface of the roads and rivers, and returned home with a lively recollection of mammoth steamboats and hotels, and the most palatable associations with New York oysters.

Having done with America, the noble Earl selected the Poetry of Pope as the subject of a second lecture for his Yorkshire audience. He professed to say nothing new on the philosophy or the criticism of his text, leaving the latter, with a moderate recommendation, to "Mr. Croker, who has announced a new edition,—a task for which both his ability and his long habits of research appear well to qualify him." The object of his discourse, however, he admitted was to raise the reputation of Pope from the general depression into which it had sunk during the present century, to something of the more earnest admiration of the previous period, or, in his own expression,—*"I fear that there is still enough of heresy extant among us to justify one who considers himself a true worshipper, who almost bows to the claim of this form of Popish infallibility, in making such efforts as may be within his power to win back any doubtful or hesitating votary to the abandoned shrine."* In this retrograde Puseyite movement to the literary Papacy he was encouraged by remembering that "it gave me quite a refreshing sensation to find, during my travels in the United States of America, that among some of the most literary and cultivated portions of that great community (although I would not more implicitly trust to young America than I would to Young England on this point), the reverence for Pope still partook largely of the sounder original faith of the parent land." We are not precisely informed what portions of the country Lord Morpeth alludes to, but as literary journalists we should be sorry to admit that "the most literary and cultivated portions of the country" entertained any such feelings towards the writings of Alexander Pope as can be fairly characterized by the sacred terms of "reverence" and "faith." The literary worship of America does not stop at the low shrine of Pope. There are altitudes to which he never aspired; there are depths which he never sounded, clearly visible to and much more worthy of "reverence" by the cultivated intellect of this "great community." Lord Morpeth's compliment to the literature of America is one which would throw us back to the last century. It is the fashion we know, or it has been, with a certain class of persons, of a certain degree of cultivation, to profess a very great admiration for Pope, which would all be very well were it not accompanied by a depreciation of the essential qualities of genuine Poetry, evidenced in a hundred bards, all of them superior in a higher walk of merit. Admirers of this class are men who eat well, sleep well, are well to do in the world, and have an elegant (so called) and dilettante taste in literature; men who know

something of the "world," in the very limited sense in which that great object is commonly spoken of; who are dogmatic with very little expense of thought; whose knowingness is embraced by the fallacious term common-sense, and ranges along the lower region of wit, without touching the confines of imagination or the deep provinces of feeling. Not that we have any other than a considerable admiration for Pope, but it is as a wit, not as a poet.

We are not about to waste the reader's time on the old discussion, Was Pope a poet? What we have to say on this point can be expressed in a sentence. Defining Poetry to be the Art of giving expression to the subtlest effects of musical language, to the finest and noblest processes of the imagination, and the profoundest emotions of the heart, we ask in what degree Pope meets these requisitions? This is a question to be determined according to the capacity and literature of the reader. If he has been led as a man

"To take unto the height the measure of himself," or his studies, have lain among the great imaginative authors of the world, he will have an idea of Poetry of which he will get but few glimpses in the works of Pope. If, on the other hand, he is looking for wit and social refinement, he will find them abundantly in Pope. And this, notwithstanding the claim for "reverence" at the outset, is pretty much the conclusion to which our noble preacher of the Papal authority comes at last. He says, to be sure, after enumerating Shakspeare, Milton, a quasi allowance for Spenser (!), and with less doubt Dryden, "When I have mentioned these august names, I have mentioned *all*, writing in the English tongue, who, in my humble apprehension, *can possibly be classed before Pope.*"

The Earl then proceeds to quote authorities, beginning with the Commissioners of Fine Arts, who have given Pope the last place in the six niches for English Poets, in the new Palace of Westminster—a very good brick and mortar opinion—proving, undoubtedly, that a statue of Pope is there. Then we have some vague, indefinite, pretentious couplets from Savage,—

"Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate," &c., &c.,

which mean anything or nothing, as you happen to be asleep or awake when you are reading them. We are let off with Bishop Warburton, as unsatisfactory legal evidence, he being "the avowed apologist, as well as executor and editor of Pope." Dr. Joseph Warton is put on the stand, but the defence gets very little out of him, and might as well have left him alone. He says: "In the species of poetry wherein Pope excelled, he is superior to all mankind, and I only say that this species of poetry is not the most excellent one of the art. He is the great poet of reason, the first of ethical authors in verse." In other words Pope, says the witness, is a clever fellow, the best of his kind, but he is not a great poet. But unfortunately the testimony, indifferent as it is, is worth still less than appears—for Pope *not* being the first of ethical authors, is not the best in his kind, unless, indeed, ethics be taken in the inferior sense of manners rather than morals. Dr. Johnson is called, who said Pope had "good sense," and might be read "with perpetual delight." George Lord Lyttelton, a bed-ridden witness, is bolstered up in the stand to tell us what? why, that Pope was "the sweetest and most elegant of English poets, the severest chastiser

of vice, and the most persuasive teacher of wisdom." Thomas Campbell is called up, a family witness, who says Pope is "a genuine poet;" and being asked what he means, talks of "brilliancy, succinctness, and animation." Lord Byron is the last witness, but he proves too much—for he calls him the "most perfect of poets," which is mere chaffing. In all this picked testimony, be it remarked, not a word from any one of the heart or the imagination!

We have, then, the plea of the great number of lines in actual use in quotation—which was Dr. Parr's test. A great author is an author who can be quoted. This is all very well, and there is undoubtedly much current coin of the Papal issue in circulation; but the current coin is not always the most valuable. It is more likely to be silver than gold, or paper than either. Still Pope is deservedly much quoted.

So much for authority. The Earl of Carlisle now comes to the "works." His Pastorals he says are trivial, but they were written at sixteen, and "one piece of praise is their due: after the publication of these verses by a youth, we may call him a boy, of sixteen, I do not see why a rugged or inharmonious English verse need ever again have been written; and what is more, I believe very few such have been written. Mr. Macaulay says on this point [the maladroitness of the quotation is apparent]: 'from the time when the Pastorals appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass, and, before long, all artists were on a level.' It was surely better that this level should be one upon which the reader could travel smoothly along, without jolts or stumbles." The mistake here is in supposing a macadamized road or a Dutch canal to be a type of poetry, and its excellence to consist in ease for the reader. A truer comparison would be a mountain region, a region of healthy effort for the mental and moral nature. It is evident the Earl has a very limited idea of poetry and its musical expression, and the more recondite treasures of English literature.

"Lo! some are vellam, and the rest as good,
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood."

He next admits that the poem of the Messiah is "immeasurably below the prose translation of Isaiah in our Bibles." Again, Windsor Forest is "a cold production;" the Odes are "decidedly of an inferior caste."

We then fall back upon the old praise of correctness; other poets were great, but Pope was perfectly correct, which in certain of his compositions we may admit, not in his most pretentious. As a philosopher, Pope's is a low degree of correctness.

In fine, good sense, good taste (in its lower acceptation), effective satire, and a happy art of conveying compliments—the arts of consummate wit and social observation are the Earl of Carlisle's whole case for Pope. He sets out with huge promises for his client, and plays at every step into the hands of the prosecution. He proves that Pope was a man of wit, which every one acknowledges, but he forgets every pretension which he has set up for him as a great poet.

The Earl of Carlisle may be, according to the old saying, a wit among lords, but he is not a Lord among wits. The honors of English criticism, after the lecture on Pope, still remain on the brows of the Coleridges, De Quinceys, and Hazlitts. The elucidation of English literature may be left to the poor scholars whose sincerity need not be suspect-

ed, though they receive a poor pittance for the work, an imputation which the Earl seems, rather than intends, to throw upon them, by saying—"I look upon myself as a counsel for whose sincerity the absence of any fee may be considered as a sufficient guarantee." Without stopping to refute so injurious a social fallacy, we may remark another advantage, of rank and fortune, in these literary matters which Pope has given expression to, though the couplet is accidentally omitted from the long list of the Earl's popular quotations from his favorite author:—

"But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!"

A more graceful quotation however the Earl did make, and it is one which recalls to us with great felicity the occasion of this lecture, addressed by the proprietor of Castle Howard to the working men of Yorkshire, and his sympathies with what he saw good in America. It is a couplet which, he says, he sought to "carry in his own recollection:"

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards,
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

The Earl of Carlisle may quote this with no limitation of the elegant eulogy of Pope. A lecture to mechanics by an Earl was a thing undreamt of by Pope, but it is not the least honor of the blood of the Howards.

"THACKERAY AND DICKENS."

THE wheel of the world rolls around, according to an established law, by which every bucket has its turn in coming to the surface with its complement of water. You may see it go down empty, lose sight of it for a considerable period in the obscure darkness, but in its due circuit, it is sure to make its appearance brimmed and sparkling, in the eye of the sun. Buried for many and many a year in the great deeps of the weekly and monthly periodicals, William Makepeace Thackeray has only of late emerged upon the light of day, and with so sure a requital for the long disappearance, that he is now an acknowledged counter-capitalist—with the most popular of living English writers: and with so much credit that one of the great Quarterly organs of his own country, "The North British Review," in its last issue, uses its best skill and nicest judgment in adjusting the balance of accounts between the two—opening its parallel in this fashion:—

"Thackeray and Dickens, Dickens and Thackeray—the two names now almost necessarily go together. It is some years since Mr. Thackeray, whose reputation as an author had until then, we believe, been of somewhat limited extent, suddenly appeared in the field of literature already so successfully occupied by Mr. Dickens. But the intrusion, if it may be called such, was made with so much talent, and so much applause followed it, that since that time the two have gone on as peers and rivals. From the printing-house of the same publishers they have simultaneously, during the last few years, sent forth their monthly instalments of amusing fiction—Dickens his 'Dombey' and his 'Copperfield,' and Thackeray his 'Vanity Fair' and his 'Pendennis.' Hence the public has learned to think of them in indissoluble connexion as friendly competitors for the prize of light literature. There is, indeed, a third writer often and worthily named along with them—Mr. Douglas Jerrold. But though, when viewed in the general as humorists and men of inventive talent, the three do form a triad, so that it is hardly possible to discuss the merits of any one of them without referring to the other two, yet, as the characteristic form of Mr. Jerrold's literary activity has not

been specially that of the popular novelist, he is not associated with his two eminent contemporaries so closely, in this denomination, as they are associated with each other. As the popular novelists of the day, Dickens and Thackeray, and again, Thackeray and Dickens, divide the public attention. And as the public has learned thus to think of them together, so also, using its privilege of chatting and pronouncing judgments about whatever interests it, it has learned to set off the merits of the one against those of the other, and to throw as much light into the criticism of each as can be derived from the trick of contrast. One party of readers prefers Dickens, and points out, with an ardor almost polemical, that Thackeray wants such and such qualities which are conspicuous in their favorite; another party wears the Thackeray colors, and contends, with equal pertinacity, that in certain respects Thackeray is the superior writer. Very much the same things, we believe, are said on this subject both by ladies and by gentlemen at all literary parties. Now, though we cannot say that the public has as yet gone very deep in their discriminations between the two favorites, and though we are of opinion that, with all our grumblings and criticisms, we should be willing to leave both writers to go on in their own way, and only be too glad that we have such a pair of writers to cheer on against each other at all; yet we think that, in this notion of contrast, the public has really got hold of a good thread for a critic to pursue, and we mean, as far as possible, throughout this paper, to avail ourselves of it."

Considering that Mr. Thackeray was for some twenty years almost entirely lost in the wide wilderness of anonymous and unrecognised publication; that his name was almost altogether unknown: and that fortune (as he has avowed in a speech recently delivered in London) had sunk so low with him that he was grateful for temporary assistance, as we infer, from the Literary Fund: that meanwhile his distinguished contemporary was pushing on with bold and rapid stride, higher and higher, further and further in the field of a world-wide renown: all this considered, the statement we have just quoted acknowledges a marvel of poetical justice and confirms our faith in that spirit of compensation which rules in human affairs. The long delay, the patient toil, the compelled philosophy, of so protracted and obscure a trial has, doubtless had its effect upon the style of the author of "Vanity Fair," which justifies the reviewer's estimate:—

"Mr. Thackeray is the more terse and idiomatic, and Mr. Dickens the more diffuse and luxuriant writer. Both seem to be easy penmen, and to have language very readily at their command; both also seem to convey their meaning as simply as they can, and to be careful, according to their notions of verbal accuracy; but in Mr. Dickens's sentences there is a leafiness, a tendency to words and images, for their own sake; whereas in Mr. Thackeray one sees the stem and outline of the thought better. We have no great respect for that canon of style which demands in English writers the use of Saxon in preference to Latin words, thinking that a rule to which there are natural limitations, variable with the writer's aim and with the subject he treats; but we should suppose that critics who do not regard the rule would find Mr. Thackeray's style the more accordant with it. On the whole, if we had to choose passages at random, to be set before young scholars as examples of easy and vigorous English composition, we would take them rather from Thackeray than from Dickens. There is a Horatian strictness, a racy strength, in Mr. Thackeray's expressions, even in his more level and tame passages, which we miss in the corresponding passages in Mr. Dickens's writings, and in which we seem to recognise the effect of those classical studies through which an accurate and determinate, though some-

what bald, use of words becomes a fixed habit. In the ease, and at the same time, thorough polish and propriety with which Mr. Thackeray can use slang words, we seem especially to detect the University man. Snob, swell, buck, gent, fellow, foggy—these, and many more such expressive appellatives, not yet sanctioned by the Dictionary, Mr. Thackeray employs more frequently, we believe, than any other living writer, and yet always with unexceptionable taste. * * * In Mr. Dickens, of course, we have the same perfect taste and propriety; but in him the result appears to arise, if we may so express ourselves, rather from the keen and feminine sensibility of a fine genius, whose instinct is always for the pure and beautiful, than from the self-possession of a mind correct under any circumstances, by discipline and sure habit. Where Mr. Dickens is not exerting himself, that is, in passages of mere equable narrative or description, where there is nothing to move or excite him, his style, as we have already said, seems to us more careless and languid than that of Mr. Thackeray; sometimes, indeed, a whole page is only redeemed from weakness by those little touches of wit and those humorous turns of conception which he knows so well how to sprinkle over it. It is due to Mr. Dickens to state, however, that in this respect his "Copperfield" is one of his most pleasing productions, and a decided improvement on its predecessor "Dombey." Not only is the spirit of the book more gentle and mellow, but the style is more continuous and careful, with fewer of those recurring tricks of expression, the dead remnants of former felicities, which constituted what was called his mannerism. Nor must we omit to remark also, that in passages where higher feeling is called into play, Mr. Dickens's style always rises into greater purity and vigor, the weakness and the superfluity disappearing before the concentrating force of passion, and the language often pouring itself forth in a clear and flowing song. This, in fact, is according to the nature of the luxuriant or poetical genius, which never expresses itself in its best or most concise manner unless the mood be high as well as the meaning clear;—for maintaining the excellence of the style of a terse and highly reflective writer, such as Thackeray, on the other hand, the presence of a clear meaning is at all times sufficient, though, of course, here also the pitch and melody will depend on the mood."

Regarding them as representatives, respectively, of two Schools of Art, the Ideal and the Real, the critic proceeds:—

"It may be said, in the first place, with respect to our two novelists, that the artistic faculty of Dickens is more comprehensive, goes over a wider range of the whole field of art than that of Thackeray. Take Dickens, for example in the landscape or background department. Here he is capable of great variety. He can give you a landscape proper—a piece of the rural English earth in its summer or winter dress, with a bit of water, and a pretty village spire, in it; he can give you, what painters seldom attempt, a great patch of flat country by night, with the red trail of a railway train traversing the darkness; he can even succeed in a sea piece; he can describe the crowded quarter of a city, or the main street of a country town, by night or by day; he can paint a garden, sketch the interior of a cathedral, or daguerreotype the interior of a hut or drawing-room with equal ease; he can even be minute in his delineations of single articles of dress or furniture. Take him, again, in the figure department. Here he can be an animal painter with Landseer when he likes, as witness his dogs, ponies, and ravens; he can be a historical painter, as witness his description of the Gordon riots; he can be a portrait painter or a caricaturist, like Leech; he can give you a bit of village or country life, like Wilkie; he can paint a haggard or squalid scene of low city-life, so as to remind one of some of the Dutch artists, Rembrandt included; or a pleasant family scene, gay or sentimental, reminding one of Maclise or Frank Stone; he can body forth romantic conceptions of terror or

beauty, that have risen in his own imagination; he can compose a fantastic fairy piece; he can even succeed in a powerful dream or allegory, where the figures are hardly human. The range of Thackeray, on the other hand, is more restricted. In the landscape department he can give you a quiet little bit of background, such as a park, a clump of trees, or the vicinity of a country house, with a village seen in the sunset; a London street, also, by night or by day, is familiar to his eye; but, upon the whole, his scenes are laid in those more habitual places of resort, where the business or pleasure of aristocratic or middle-class society goes on—a pillared club-house in Pall Mall, the box or pit of a theatre, a brilliant *salon* in Mayfair, a public dancing room, a newspaper office, a shop in Paternoster Row, the deck of a steamer, the interior of a married man's house, or a bachelor's chambers in the Temple. And his choice of subjects from the life corresponds with this. Men and women as they are, and as they behave daily, especially in the charmed circles of rank, literature, and fashion, are the subjects of Mr. Thackeray's pencil; and in his delineations of them he seems to unite the strong and fierce characteristics of Hogarth, with a touch both of Wilkie and Maclise, and not a little of that regular grace and fine sense of color which charm us in the groups of Watteau."

With a more detailed illustration of these positions, the Reviewer, who weighs out his judgments with the scrupulous precision of an apothecary, asserts:—

"On the whole it may be said that, while there are few things that Mr. Thackeray can do in the way of description which Mr. Dickens could not also do, there is a large region of objects and appearances familiar to the artistic activity of Mr. Dickens, where Mr. Thackeray would not find himself at home. And as Mr. Dickens's artistic range is thus wider than that of Mr. Thackeray, so also his style of art is the more elevated. Thackeray is essentially an artist of the real school; he belongs to what, in painting, would be called the school of low art. All that he portrays—scenes as well as characters—is within the limits, and rigidly true to the features, of real existence. In this lies his particular merit; and, like Wilkie, he would probably fail, if, hankering after a reputation in high art, he were to prove untrue to his special faculty as a delineator of actual life. Dickens, on the other hand, works more in the ideal. It is nonsense to say of his characters generally, intending the observation for praise, that they are life-like. They are nothing of the kind. Not only are his serious or tragic creations—his Old Humphreys, his Maypole Hughs, his little Nella, &c.—persons of romance; but even his comic or satiric portraits do not come within the strict bounds of the real. There never was a real Mr. Pickwick, a real Sam Weller, a real Mrs. Nickleby, a real Quilp, a real Micawber, a real Uriah Heap, or a real Toots, in the same accurate sense that there has been or might be a real Major Pendennis, a real Captain Costigan, a real Becky, a real Sir Pitt Crawley, and a real Mr. Foker. Nature may, indeed, have furnished hints of Wellers and Pickwicks, may have scattered the germs or indications of such odd fishes abroad; and, having once added such characters to our gallery of fictitious portraits, we cannot move a step in actual life without stumbling upon individuals to whom they will apply most aptly as nicknames—good-humored, bald-headed old gentlemen, who remind us of Pickwick; careless, easy spendthrifts of the Micawber type; fawning rascals of the Heep species; or bashful young gentlemen like Toots. But, at most, those characters are real only thus far, that they are transcendental renderings of certain hints furnished by nature. Seizing the notion of some oddity as seen in the real world, Mr. Dickens has run away with it into a kind of outer or ideal region, there to play with it and work it out at leisure as extravagantly as he might choose, without the least impediment from any facts except those of his own story. One result of this method is, that his cha-

acters do not present the mixture of good and bad in the same proportions as we find in nature. Some of his characters are thoroughly and ideally perfect; others are thoroughly and ideally detestable; and even in those where he has intended a mingled impression, vice and virtue are blended in a purely ideal manner. It is different with Mr. Thackeray. The last words of his 'Pendennis' are a petition for the charity of his readers in behalf of the principal personage of the story, on the ground that not having meant to represent him as a hero, 'but only as a man and a brother,' he has exposed his foibles rather too freely. So, also, in almost all his other characters his study seems to be to give the good and the bad together, in very nearly the same proportions that the cunning apothecary, Nature herself, uses. Now, while, according to Mr. Thackeray's style of art, this is perfectly proper, it does not follow that Mr. Dickens's method is wrong."

Another curious point is made:

"But, while Mr. Dickens is both more extensive in the range, and more poetic in the style of his art than Mr. Thackeray, the latter is, perhaps, within his own range and in his own style, the more careful artist. His stroke is truer and surer, and his attention to finish greater. This may be, in part, owing to the fact that Mr. Thackeray can handle the pencil as well as the pen. Being the illustrator of his own works, and accustomed, therefore, to reduce his fancies to visible form and outline, he attains, in the result, greater clearness and precision, than one who works only in language, or who has to get his fancies made visible to himself by the pencil of another. Apart, however, from the real talent with which Mr. Thackeray illustrates his pages, it may be cited as a proof of the distinctness with which he conceives what he writes, that the names of his characters are almost always excellent. Mr. Dickens has always been thought particularly happy in this respect; we are not sure, however, that Mr. Thackeray does not sometimes surpass him. Dr. Slocum, Miss Mac-toddy, the Scotch surgeon Glowry, Jeames the footman—these and such-like names, which Mr. Thackeray seems to throw off with such ease, that he lavishes them even on his incidental and minor characters—are, in themselves, positive bits of humor."

In reference to Mr. Thackeray's announced visit to this country—and as an awful warning and premonition to the excitable "gents" of this town and of these United States—we cannot forbear a further sample of "The North British":—

"There is one piece of positive doctrine, however, in which both Pen and Warrington agree, and of which Mr. Thackeray's writings are as decidedly the exponents in the present day, as Mr. Dickens's are of the doctrine of kindness. This doctrine may be called the doctrine of *Anti-snobism*. Singular fact! in the great city of London, where higher and more ancient faiths seem to have all but perished, and where men bustle in myriads, scarce restrained by any spiritual law, there has arisen of late years, as there arose in Mecca of old, a native form of ethical belief, by which its inhabitants are tried and try each other. 'Thou shalt not be a snob,' such is the first principle at present of Cockney ethics. And observe how much real sincerity there is in this principle, how it really addresses itself to facts, and only to facts known and admitted. It is not the major morals of human nature, but what are called the minor morals of society, and these chiefly in their æsthetic aspect, as modes of pleasant breeding, that the Cockney system of ethics recognises. Its maxims and commands are not 'Thou shalt do no wrong,' 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me,' 'Thou shalt not covet,'—but 'Thou shalt pronounce thy H's,' 'Thou shalt not abuse waiters as if they were dogs,' 'Thou shalt not falsely make a boast of dining with Peers and Members of Parliament.' He who offends in these respects is

a snob. Thus, at least, the Cockney moralist professes no more than he really believes. The real species of moral evil recognised in London, the real kind of offence which the moral sentiment there punishes, and cannot away with, is snobism. The very name, it will be observed, is characteristic and unpretentious—curt, London-born, irreverent. When you say that a man is a snob, it does not mean that you detest and abhor him, but only that you must cut him, or make fun of him. Such is *Anti-snobism*, the doctrine of which Mr. Thackeray, among his other merits, has the merit of being the chief literary expounder and apostle! Now it is not a very awful doctrine, certainly; it is not, as our friend Warrington would be the first to admit, the doctrine in the strength of which one would like to guide his own soul, or to face the future and the everlasting; still it has its use, and by all means let it have, yes, let it have its scribes and preachers!"

Yes, and you—O William Makepeace Thackeray—with a pen that has been stiffening in the stem and sharpening at the nib for twenty long years—chief of all the scribes and preachers of *Anti-snobism* that now live and havelived—in some desperate resolve are about to pounce upon this poor fledgling of America: to ruffle her tender feathers: and agitate her young and susceptible heart, with your tremendous and potential presence. Be merciful, O William Makepeace—spare us in your wrath; deal gently with our little infirmities, and you shall have a ball, with Gen. Bog at the head (or tail) of the committee; a public dinner—whereat Hon. Abijah Snobbins shall (or shall not) speak, or anything you choose to ask to have or to be relieved from!

HYDROPATHY.*

WATER was the apt illustration used by an English statesman to mark the distinction between value and price. Water, a universal need, is at the maximum of intrinsic value, and being of gratuitous abundance everywhere, is at the minimum of price. This abundance that overflows in fountain, river, and sea, and this cheapness, that costs but the easy exercise of an instinct, have been the causes why this bartering world has put so small a value on water, that makes no figure in its ledger. Now, however, that water is labelled physisic, and the doctors are shaking their wise heads over it, and prescribing it with the same gravity that they would a *haustus catharticus*, and making their patients pay for it too, a drink of water and ablation having taken in the quarterly bill the place of a phlebotomy and purgation, there is some hope that, as mankind drink, wash, and pay, they will become cleaner and more wholesome, though somewhat out of pocket.

Water, though unstable as a basis, has been made the foundation of a system of medicine. Drink and wash, wash and drink, are the grand principles of this system, termed grandiloquently *Hydropathy*. These principles have been familiar to the thirsty and cleanly from time immemorial; but it must be confessed that they never had before the dignified sound and look they now have in the imposing nomenclature of Priesnitz. All must have an increased reverence for water, with its new titles, as long as those of a German prince, sitz-bad, lein-tuch, abreibung, umschlag, and douche! *Hydropathy* has its school of doctors, hungry for fees, that may be likened to

so many sharks, ready to pounce upon those that are swimming for life in its waters, its institutions and its literature, in a deluge of which we happen just now to be almost overwhelmed, finding it by no means easy to keep our heads above water, though it must be confessed, rather from the rapidity of the current than the profundity of its depths. What then with water, honored with the dignity of physisic, water in its sanatoriums, and water in its books, the public is in a fair way of paying roundly for what Nature has given in abundance for nothing. Nature, quite unsophisticated in the ways of this trading world, has set no price upon water in dollars and cents; but the doctors, more knowing, have set up a flourishing business in it as a commodity, and it is hoped that the public will prove a good customer, buy it freely, and use it generously.

In Dr. Houghton's book we have a string of papers from multifarious Bulwer to Dr. Houghton himself, all proving indubitably what the world will receive with no great wonderment, that water is a most excellent thing, and that baths, and draughts of water, combined with exercise, temperance, freedom from care and excessive mental labor, are not only preventives of, but cures for disease. In the treatment of many ailments, chiefly the nervous and hypochondriacal, it is necessary that Priesnitz or some other pretentious water doctor be at hand to stimulate faith, and whip up flagging hope. Water that has been flowing for ages, nothing but water, turns under the eye of a Priesnitz, into a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and the mountain streams of Graefenburg, with the aid of the alchemy of faith, outdo the healing wonders of the pool of Bethesda.

A lady gives her experiences of the water treatment at Graefenburg, in one of Chambers's Papers for the People. She speaks of having divers ailments, but specifies no particular disease. Priesnitz told her that her diseases were *tief*, deep-seated—obstinate.

She accordingly undergoes a series of daily water drinkings and ablutions. This lady has faith, and believing that "more faith and perseverance are necessary than are often exhibited," exercises both. Writing to a friend, this lady remarks, in the fulness of her faith, that if at the end of ten years, provided he (her friend) has during that time submitted to the water treatment, he has not at least received every encouragement to persevere in his course, he will not at any rate be worse than he was before; and concludes, with a wonderful concession, that Priesnitz is fallible, and so are other water doctors! The solemn earnestness with which this lady records her daily ablutions and water drinkings is quite refreshing in these days of *insouciance* and frivolity, when a wholesome but thoughtless person takes his bath, his goblet of water, and his morning walk, quite unconscious of the deep significance of these grave matters. The lady records with earnestness: "I was ordered a five minute sitz before breakfast, with much rubbing. This was to relieve the spine. At another time sitz baths were prescribed with rubbing for eight days. After this I was told to take a quarter of an hour's sitz with five minutes' rubbing; then to walk for a quarter of an hour about the room, and again another quarter of an hour's sitz. Priesnitz also desired me to sit down, and taking two logs of wood or dumb-bells to exercise my arms and back by raising them up and down from the floor. I am also to throw the dumb bells over my head, and to exercise my arms in all directions." There is

* Bulwer and Forbes on the Water Treatment; a Compilation of Papers on the Subject of Hygiene and Rational Hydropathy. Edited, with additional Matter, by Roland S. Houghton, A.M., M.D. New York: Fowlers and Wells.

Life at Graefenburg. By a Convalescent. Chambers's Papers for the People.

a deep, reverential earnestness here that sanctifies water, Priesnitz, and the dumb bells together.

The lady tells us that people die at Graefenburg! "A poor Jew is dead," she writes, "I understand he came to be cured of violent headaches, and that this was effected in about the space of six weeks, when he wished to go; but Priesnitz advised him to stay awhile and ascertain if there was not something to come out. He was correct here, for his body was soon covered with a hundred boils. One arm suffered most—mortification ensued, and he died." The poor Jew was cured of the headache, but he died of a hundred boils! Glory to Priesnitz!

We confess a liking for water, pure, limpid, gratuitous water—nature's bounty—not the sky-blue variety, under the counterfeit presentment of Orange County milk, at four cents per quart. We bathe in cold water daily, and we drink it when thirsty, and recommend it to our friends for the sake of cleanliness, godliness, and health. We are quite aware that Priesnitz, with his water, his baths, his wet sheets, his watery compresses, his douches, his plunges, and his aquatic ducks, suggests to the facetious and ill-ordered minds of some old practitioners the thought of quack; but in spite of these old practitioners, we are quite sure that the aquatic ducks, the watery plunges of Priesnitz are safer remedies than the indiscriminate drugging by draughts, mixtures, and pills of these old practitioners. If hydrophobia is charlatanism, it is a safe kind of charlatanism. It will be better for the public to launch its frail bark of health upon the pure waters of the Croton reservoir, where it has a fair chance of riding out the storms of life, than upon the enormous vat of reeking bitters in one or other quack distillery, when exposed to the pitiless hail-storm of pills, health is wrecked and submerged in a fathomless pharmaceutical abyss, and the public is drowned in a vortex of physic and bitters.

HARPER'S NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD GUIDE BOOK.

A GUIDE book is generally dull reading without the illustrations about you of the actual scenes it describes; but in this case no little portion of the scenery is brought home to you by a series of more than a hundred well designed, suggestive pictures, views of towns, stations, bits of landscape, and other materials of the picturesque, from the portfolio of a tasteful artist. The literary portion of the work is creditably done: clear in its statement of facts, and moderately sprinkled with anecdote. Its occasional facetiousness is in the immemorial fashion of guide books, a serious form of composition which the wits, except in the way of burlesque, have not much attempted. The references to Eager's *History of Orange County* are amusing:—

NAMING OF PLACES.

"Monroe is a thriving village, having several spacious stores, a hotel well kept and comfortable, and contains about 700 inhabitants. It was first settled in 1742, under the name of Smith's Cove. It next figured under the funny title of *Cheese Cocks*! It 1802 it was renamed Smithfield, and at last, in 1808, it was changed to its present patriotic but universal title, after President Monroe. It got its first name from its settler, one Claudius Smith, afterwards a notorious chief of the 'Cow Boys' of the Revolution, who made the country, extending as far as Ramapo, the scene of their murders and depredations. He was hung by the Whigs in 1779, and his son Dick, in revenge, eclipsed his father in infamy."

A "COW BOY" HERO.

"In Eager's History of Orange County the reader will find an interesting account of these villains, their misdeeds, and the punishment they suffered. No better materials for a romance of the rogue and ruffian school can be found anywhere. The aforesaid Claudius Smith would make a capital hero. He was well educated, had wit, and a tall, handsome person. Here are two specimens of his waggish humor when in extremity. Just before the hangman worked him off, a person he had robbed of some valuable papers begged him to reveal where they were. 'Wait till you see me in the next world,' was the cool reply of Claudius. In his early wicked youth, his mother had predicted he would die 'like a trooper's horse, with his shoes on,' a prophecy which the Cow Boy remembered, and belied by kicking off his shoes as soon as he had mounted the scaffold."

THE MASTODON.

"Near Chester, a few years since, was found a very fine specimen of the *Mastodon*, the strange animal whose bones so long puzzled naturalists. Many specimens have been found in Orange county, and in Eager's History the reader will find a highly interesting account of the various discoveries. The first mastodon ever discovered in this country was found near Albany in 1705. The next was in Ohio, in 1739. In 1740, large quantities were found near the Big Bone Lick in Kentucky, and carried to France, where it was called the *Animal of the Ohio*. The next locality richest in these relics is Orange county. The first of these was discovered near Montgomery, in 1782. Twelve more were found in that vicinity up to 1845. The finest of these was found seven miles east of Montgomery, and had all the bones perfect. It was 33 feet long, and six feet below the surface of a peat formation that extended several feet below the bones, thus preserving the natural standing position of the animal, as though it had been mired. Many are the theories of how these monsters met their fate, and we will refer the curious reader to Mr. Eager's compiled explanations, as they will be found very entertaining. As a specimen of the author's mode of treating the subject, bear the following points of difference between the mastodon and elephant: 'The elephant's toes are built up compactly under his feet, while the mastodon has long projecting toes. The spinal process of the latter is also longer, thus giving to his neck more upright action, making him carry a higher head than the elephant, and giving him a gay and comparatively sprightly appearance.' To those who have not 'seen' this lively species of the antediluvian 'elephant,' the author's hints are quite suggestive of the animal's animated bearing! We will also refer to the same book for a copy of a letter written by Governor Dudley to the Reverend Cotton Mather in 1705, concerning the specimens found near Albany. The governor suspected the bones 'to be those of a human being whom the flood alone could wash away,' and during which for a while, he might have carried his head above the clouds' (of course, like the mastodon, with a 'gay and sprightly appearance!'), though at last obliged to 'give way!' He also thinks this giant must have been 'the product of one of those unequalled matches between heaven and earth, of which he had read in the traditions of the Jewish rabbins.'"

TUPPER'S COMPLETE WORKS.*

MR. TUPPER, after his pleasant visit to this country, has left an agreeable memorial of himself in this elegant edition of his writings; and it is a matter of congratulation, too, for his Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. Butler & Co., that they have so readily and handsomely seconded the wishes of a foreign author, who can give them no copyright guarantee in their

The Complete Works of Martin F. Tupper. In 4 vols. Authorized edition. Vol. III.—Ballads for the Times, and other Poems. Vol. IV.—Proverbial Philosophy, a Modern Pyramid, and the Poems of King Alfred. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

expenditure, but whose imprimatur on the title-page, in the words "Authorized edition," may, we trust, go for something. We have rarely seen a better printed American library book. The four volumes comprise all Mr. Tupper's writings—poems, novels, and essays, including those latest effusions in which he expressed his sentiments at the first scenes he visited in America. On a careful scrutiny we could find food for criticism, as we have on occasion; but taking the obvious intention of the books, and looking at them on their own level, it is impossible not to remark the amiability, genial feeling, the respect for what the world has produced of most excellence in art, science, or personal character, which are their prevailing characteristics. They are for the most part good, healthy instructions, declamations in round numbers, worthy of old Chaucer's "Clerk of Oxenforde."—Mr. Tupper, too, by the way, is D.C.L. of that ancient University—whose proverbial philosophies were

"Short and quick, and full of high sentence;
Sounding in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

Everybody knows the Proverbial Philosophy. The publishers tell us that nearly two hundred thousand have been sold in America. This is large even for a reading public—but the sounding moralists have always been popular, from Plutarch to Pollok. People besieged the publishers for the Course of Time, children cried for it; Hervey's Meditations was a popular book run after by young and old; Colton's Lacon ditto; but the Proverbial Philosophy in America beats them all. It is the Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Emerson of the masses, or at least as good a substitute for them as is wanted. To be sure Tupper is not profound; but profundity is not called for—as a poet he does not "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," but such high-lying grapes of the intellect are proverbially sour—he gives in animated rhetoric a transcript of common impressions or of things just within reach, and every reader of the million (allowing five readers to each purchased copy, which is a low calculation) flatters himself that he is a philosopher. It is at least an amiable delusion, and shows a respect for learning.

One excellence Mr. Tupper has,—a love for Anglo-Saxon. He is in this something of a "word-master," a Lavengro. His adaptations of King Alfred's poems are energetic and reverential, and many of the occasional poems ring out clear and loud. The domestic feeling is not their least attraction; they are full of home and family, wife and children, among whom may the author be returned safely with pleasurable retrospections of his American tour.

SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL.

THIS repository of science for May is rich in interest, and the editorial department is increased by the assistance of Dr. Gibbs, in Chemistry and Physics. Mr. E. G. Squier contributes a paper on the Aboriginal Monuments and Relics of New York, and also on evidences of the use of Copper and Silver by the American Aborigines. The Calculus of Operations is a paper explanatory of a work of the same title by Mr. Paterson of Albany, an eminent and self-taught mathematician of that city, whose acquirements in science made during intervals in his business, that of a journeyman printer, have been made the subject of the commendatory notices of the press. The principle on which this investigation is based, is that of *uniformity of action*; and the intention of the Calculus of

Operations, in the words of the author, is "to exhibit the harmony which subsists between the objective and the subjective, between the phenomena of the external world, and the mental processes which investigate and record them."

A capital letter from Prof. Silliman, Jr., to Prof. Guyot, on the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, gives a fine description of that remarkable place. Prof. S., in addition to the eyeless and colorless fish and crawfish, found others with external eyes, and colored, but yet blind. Two specimens of a species of rat were caught with black eyes, entirely without iris; these are blind when first caught, but by being kept in a diffuse light for a time they appeared gradually to attain some power of vision.

A notice of new fishes in the Winnepesaukee, is by Dr. Prescott. Prof. Bailey contributes some notices of microscopical investigations in Natural History and Chemistry. T. S. Hunt, of the Geological Commission of Canada, furnishes a paper on the Chemistry of Wavarekite. Prof. Dana's article on the Coral Reefs of the Pacific will be found extremely interesting to the geological student. Dr. Ehrenberg's investigations as to the contents of dust showers, and blood rain, and the species of infusorial life discovered in them, are also very curious. The Geology of the Florida Keys by Prof. Tuomey; the Fossil Corals of New York, by Prof. Hall; an Analysis of certain Minerals, by Prof. Jackson; papers on Chemical subjects, by Messrs. Bunce and Wartz, and a new plan of escapement, by Mr. J. Fulton, will also be found. We notice particularly a memoir by Daniel Kirkwood, in defence of the remarkable analogy pointed out by him in the rotations of the primary planets, from certain doubts on the subject expressed in a recent article by Prof. Loomis, of the N. Y. University.

The usual summary of scientific intelligence from abroad, adds to the value of the journal; in this part we notice an abstract of Researches in Electricity by the illustrious Faraday, on the possible relations of gravity and electricity.

The Life and Writings of Algernon Sidney. By Geo. Van Santvoord. Charles Scribner.—An excellent conception of the character of a man too little known, but whose life is full of interest to the lovers of free institutions. The author has evidently sifted his subject with diligence and an appreciation of its true spirit. The manly independence and honesty, combined with literary ability and personal courage never questioned, displayed in the life and commemorated by the death of Algernon Sidney, are ably brought before us, and his character fully vindicated from the charges of venality and want of faith with which the bitterness of faction strove to tarnish it. The reader cannot but sympathize, even when differing from his conclusions, in the firmness and ability with which he strove to carry out and live up to the doctrines he avowed. He was a republican of the school of Ludlow, Vane, Hampden, and Martyn, and yet could glory in the bitter hatred of Cromwell, the founder and afterwards the subverter of a republic, whose ambitious views he struggled manfully to thwart. He believed the administration of power to rightfully belong to the representatives of the people, and refused to kiss the hand which administered the severe remedy known as "Pride's Purge," and left his country to wander for years in solitary exile, embittered by pecuniary embarrassment, when he saw the hope of a free parliament taken away. The son of an English nobleman of the highest rank (the Earl of Leicester), and the uncle of two of the great ministers of the succeeding reign (Halifax and Sunderland), himself, to use his own quaint language, "of the timbers of which peers are made,"

he did not the less struggle after his return to England had been tolerated, and while the hatred which Charles II. bore him for the hand which he had had in his father's downfall was still unabated, to make head against the corrupt and imbecile policy of the restored government, and had the temerity to stand twice for Parliament as the candidate of the county (or opposition) party, in defiance of the frowns of the Court or the deprecation of his personal friends. Under the pretext of a connexion with the fabulous "Rye House Plot," of the existence of which he was clearly ignorant, dragged before the unprincipled Jeffrey and a tribunal more remorseless than that of the Reign of Terror, and a packed jury of sycophants, with the aid of counsel refused him, and without the testimony of two witnesses which the law required to criminate him, on a mock indictment, he fell an innocent victim, atoning for his death for that hostility to tyranny, under whatsoever name, which had marked his life.

Mr. Van Santvoord's narrative, an American contribution to a biographical subject which has received less attention than it has deserved in England, is enriched with notices of Sidney's contemporaries, and extracts, always of interest, from his Correspondence and Political Writings.

The Christian Retrospect and Register. By Robert Baird. M. W. Dodd.—A rapid survey of the political changes, of the progress of education, of science, physical, social, and economical, and of the Protestant Christianity of the world during the last fifty years. So comprehensive a subject, in the contracted limits of a duodecimo volume, admits of little else than a mere cataloguing of its main facts. These are faithfully recorded, and are made preliminary to a future design of the author to embody, in an annual register, the yearly progress of Protestantism, or what is called by the author the "progress of the kingdom of God in this world." The religious part of the book gives the main facts of the organization and action of the different Protestant societies of the world. Useful facts are thus got at, by an easy reference, which otherwise might be of difficult attainment, from their scattered diffusion.

A Greek Grammar for the Use of Schools and Universities. By Philip Buttmann. Revised and enlarged by his son, Alexander Buttmann. Translated from the eighteenth German edition, by Edward Robinson. Harper & Brothers.—This Grammar does not appear as a new candidate for public favor. It already enjoys an established reputation in this country as well as in Germany, of which the number of its editions in both countries is clear evidence. In this edition the learned translator has given an introductory preface, in which are sketched the outlines of Buttmann's life and labors in the field of philosophy, and the successive steps in the progress of improvement, by which he attained the crowning results of his industry, which this volume exhibits. In its new and enlarged form from the latest improved edition of the original, the scholar will find little to desire, for which a grammar would ordinarily be compiled; and, although, since Buttmann's earlier editions, competitors have appeared in Germany in the grammars of Rost, Kühner, Krüger, and others, which, too, have their introducers and advocates in the English language, the early friends of Buttmann among us will welcome his reappearance after a lapse of years, and new friends will, we are confident, be won.

A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Destruction of Corinth, B.C. 146, mainly based upon that of Connop Thirlwall, D.D. By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz. Harpers.—Dr. Schmitz, the Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, has rendered in this work, and his corresponding *History of Rome*, an eminent service to the literature of the day—by presenting in an epitome, with careful narrative and critical sagacity, the best results of modern scholarship from the works of Niebuhr, Thirlwall, and Grote. As an index to the original labors of these authors, these books would be valuable, but they have independent merits of their own, in the well disciplined powers of Dr.

Schmitz, whose learning and diligence are displayed throughout. As text-books these *Histories of Greece and Rome* are at the head of this branch of instruction.

Ancient History: from the Dispensation of the Sons of Noe to the Battle of Actium and Change of the Roman Republic into the Empire. By Peter Fredet, D.D. Second edition. *Modern History*: from the Coming of Christ and the Change of the Roman Republic into an Empire to the Year of our Lord, 1850. By Peter Fredet, D.D. Fifth edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.—The author of these elementary manuals, a Professor of History in St. Mary's College, Baltimore, has shown tact and discrimination in the selection of circumstances to engage the attention of the young student. The arrangement of his text-books appears generally good. The style is dogmatic and not critical, which may be no objection if the dogmatism is the result of the latest and most enlightened investigation, but in this respect these books have a decidedly faded, old-fashioned air, handing over Ancient History pretty much as we might expect to see it delivered in the orthodox Catholic manuals of the last century. We see no references to the recent German or English scholarship. Niebuhr is not mentioned in the list of authorities, nor Arnold. On those questions where Protestantism or Catholicism is concerned, Dr. Fredet is of course on the side of the latter, and his book of Modern History is valuable, especially in the additional matter of the Notes, for its presentation of the defence in such noted matters of attack as the Inquisition, the "affair of Galileo," the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Religious Persecution, &c. In order and clearness of statement, in what is stated, these books have considerable merit—and the interest of their positive style to the young mind is a fact worth observing by composers of works of this class. With the other books of Mr. Murphy, these volumes are sent forth in a compact, useful form.

MURPHY & Co. have also issued a new American edition, the third, of Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on the Principal Doctrines of the Catholic Church*, delivered in London in 1846. The especial topics of these lectures are a full discussion of the Protestant and Catholic Rule of Faith, a comparison of Protestantism and Catholicism in their efforts for the conversion of the heathen and the Supremacy of the Pope.

Messrs. LANE & SCOTT have issued, *Religion the Weal of the Church and the Need of the Times*, by George Steward; a publication, the style of which is indicated by the forced commonplace, or identical proposition of the first portion of the title. There is doubtless much piety in this volume, but we could wish that it were conveyed in more sober rhetoric. From the same publisher we have *Memorials of Missionary Labors in Africa and the West Indies, with Historical and Descriptive Observations*, by William Moister. This is a plain narrative, in a brief volume, of a Wesleyan Missionary, and contains much useful information.

Messrs. Marcon and Le Chevalier's enterprise, the re-issue of the *Paris L'Illustration*, with the American Supplement, is conducted with commendable spirit. We find the French publication promptly on our table on the arrival of the steamer, and the American portion promises a useful journal. One of the engravings is a bird's-eye view of New York, taken from Union Place, clear and distinct, but too scanty in the fringe of shipping. The pictures of the Exhibition are neat and elegant. Gavarni contributes several forcible sketches.

Part XX. of Garrigue's *Iconographic Encyclopædia* illustrates the finest modern European specimens of architecture, St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Madeleine, the Walhalla, and the Gothic Cathedrals. The plates are minute, but very distinct. The impressions are good, and sustain the publisher's promises. The letter-press has reached the departments of History and Ethnology.

Harper's Magazine for June has a judicious re-

print of one of Thomson's Seasons—Summer—with the excellent series of illustrations of the Etching Club. The selections are, as usual, entertaining and instructive, leaning mostly to matters of fact and narrative. Stringer & Townsend's *International* is more critical, and lays fair claims to its title by its presentation of the literature of several countries. The last number is a good one.

Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, have published a new *Traveller's and Tourist's Guide through the United States, Canada, &c.*, in a neat pocket volume. It is prepared by W. Williams, and is a capital work of its class. Its information is posted up to the latest returns of railways, steamboat routes, &c.—the distances of which are ingeniously and clearly arranged in a compact form. The routes are given from the great cities as centres. A table shows the aggregate of distances, time, and fares. There is a valuable supplement of general information and the best general map we have seen of the United States—the territories of the Pacific, the Island of Cuba. It is quite new and admirably distinct.

[From the Christian Parlor Magazine.]

"I MUST BE SINGING."

(JENNY LIND'S BIRD SONG.)

BY PROF. H. F. TAPPAN.

In every soul there is a theme,
Of thought, of duty, or of art,—
A theme, which at the earliest start
Of life, her own sweet morning hymn
The soul unto herself is singing,
Softly and low,
She knows not how,
While in the purple light she's winging.

The theme, alas! by most forgot
Along the way of earthly years;
The passions with their stains and tears,
The heavenly writing darkly blot,
And then the soul, instead of singing
That holy theme,
Her morning hymn,
Herself away is wildly flinging.

And thus the race of men appear
As of the earth and meanly born,
And lose the radiant hues of morn,
The godlike grace once given there,
When to herself the soul was singing
In pure delight
That hymn of might,
As life was from its fountain springing.

But still within infolded lies
The germ of beauty, love, and thought
Which from her home of light she brought—
A form immortal of the skies;
That she may yet renew the singing
Of her bright prime,
In fields of time,
Melodious instincts to her clinging.

Some souls there are who ne'er have lost
The memory of the primal theme
Within them stirring like a dream
Of some sweet angel that had crost
Their early path, in glory winging,
And spoke a word
From our good Lord,
Then soared away to heaven singing.

It was a word of truth and love
And beauty taking shapes Divine,
And thence the soul became their shrine—
The shrine of beauty, truth, and love,
Where holy thoughts for ever springing
In life awoke,
In music spoke,
An inspiration ever singing.

It breathed a mission to the wise,
It breathed a mission to the good,—
To make the world a brotherhood;
It bade the works of beauty rise

In form, or verse, or music; singing
The primal theme,
The angel dream,
The charter of their lot revealing.

The voice can never cease within,
The forms divine are ever there;
The soul, the subject of their care,
In space and time must soon begin
The works that at her birth were filling
The holy thought
From heaven brought,
The thought she must be ever singing.

'Tis genius—we are wont to say
The name is naught; we know full well
'Tis more than human speech can tell—
A guiding light that shines alway—
A word divine—an angel singing—
Or light or sound
It knows no bound,
Still far and wide its glory flinging.

Temples of beauty—by its might—
Majestic shapes of heav'n are born;
Poesy, philosophy adorn
Our human state with morning light;
Music from her ambrosial dwelling
With joyful mien
On earth is seen—
Her notes seraphic loudly swelling.

Responsive to the touch of power,
The slumbering millions wake to see
The early dream reality;
The song of life's pure natal hour
Wide through the world in pæans ringing—
The morning call
Now known to all,
While genius evermore is singing.

Like birds that in the forest wide
Sing joyous at the morning hour,
Nor know the source of that sweet power
Which leads them on till eventide,
In bush or brake, or freely sailing
In light and air
And everywhere,
They must—they must be ever singing.

So gushes forth that soul of song,—
Which, like the Orphean lyre, impels
All thought and motion by its swells,—
Spontaneous melody and strong
In waves of music brightly flowing
Through light and air
And everywhere,
And must be—must be ever singing.

And music as a form of art
May make sweet sounds her only end,
Or with it merely seek to blend
The ravished sweetness of the heart—
A finer pulse a tenderer toning,
The sense to fill
And move at will,
While still she must be—must be singing.

But she a holier mission takes,
When, like an angel of the skies,
To soothe a broken heart she flies,
And those who dwell in darkness wakes
To rapture and the light of feeling;
And then, O then
To stricken men
She must be—must be ever singing.

Or when she comes as charity,
And music is her native tone,
In which she speaks to every one,
While with an open hand and free
Her gifts on needy souls bestowing;—
Her Master's will
Thus to fulfil
She must be, must be ever singing.

Dear LORD! is this the mission thou
Hast chosen for thy better part,
The early dream of thy pure heart,
In songs of love to work below,

For Him the gift of song bestowing
So full and free
That thou must be
A soul of music ever singing?

Then joy to thee! By night and day
Sing, sing thy song of wondrous power
While still thou hast thy primal dower.
And when thy song shall die away,
And thou from earth thyself art fading,
Thy soul set free
In melody,
Shall evermore in heaven be singing.

[From the Newark Sentinel.]

A FEW HINTS TO NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

PERSONALITIES OF THE PRESS are probably sometimes unavoidable; yet not so unfrequently as many may imagine. A gentleman the other day informed us, that he had walked the New York streets for forty years by day and night, and had never been attacked or even insulted. Every man, desirous of not offending, will find a vast amount of good nature in every community, and in all parts of it. If there was much malevolence in the human heart, what hazard would there be, where there is now security, in passing along a crowded thoroughfare, or unfrequented alley? Opportunities of doing hurt with impunity to the perpetrator, are constantly occurring. But one goes about, and nobody harms him. He might be injured by a missile from a window thrown in secret, but nobody throws one with any such intention. We have often been amazed at passing safely in the midst of crowds, and solitudes, and under the favoring screen of night and darkness, when if ferocity or malignity were lurking anywhere, it would have found so many ways of gratifying its disposition.

There is plenty of injury and violence, we admit; but it is not done—with some exceptions of unreflecting cruelty, particularly to the lower animals—for the love of the wrong, and merely for its own sake. When a man commits an outrage, it is generally from interest or revenge. Now an unoffending man will furnish no motive for retaliation, and if he does right himself will rarely cross the interest of another, so as to provoke chastisement. No doubt the way to avoid the breaking of our windows, is to forbear to throw stones ourselves.

As to the provocations and retaliations of the press, they may certainly be escaped to a very great extent. But to be successful, one must undoubtedly overlook the petulance, the vanity, and small criticisms of opponents. There is much often to forgive in their uncanonized, illiberal, and sometimes ignorant or dishonest criticisms, and interpretations of your actions, words, and motives. But a spirit conscious of intentional rectitude, with a calm reliance on its own capacities, yet modestly sensible of their limit, and having at all times present a conviction, that other men as knowing and sincere as he is, are existing in the world, can afford to disregard, perhaps to smile at, this petty artillery of uneasy assailants. Some, not very conspicuous themselves, wish to attract attention by showing how gallantly they dare annoy another. Such do not mean much harm, and are not very much to blame, because it is well known they cannot do any, and yet at the same time they may obtain some advantage to themselves. If that can be effected with no cost to any one, there results of course a fair mercantile gain by the operation.

These constitute, when noticed, the perpetual bickerings, irritations, and small ma-

rauding warfare, which keep up a continual circulation of bad blood through so great a portion of the press. They result very largely from that enormous exaggeration which distinguishes the literature of the newspaper. Things by such a process, though often true at bottom, take on the character of falsehood. The features of truth itself are so unnaturally bloated, or diminished, as to be no longer recognised; and thus a matter of fact, either understated or overstated, becomes by its distortion as much a source of error, as if the whole were an entire fabrication. The practice of adulteration is not confined to drugs, or food, or liquors. It is applied to news, to characters, and events. Thus it becomes one of the most prolific causes of hostility in the press. As some actions may be painted in brighter tints than they deserve, others are also susceptible of darker shades than would be just. As a contemporary may be absurdly the subject of an apotheosis, so, it is evident, he may as easily and with as little reason be sent on a journey to the regions opposite. The press cannot recover and maintain a proper courtesy, and thorough good fellowship, till the obligation of veracity shall be felt, and exaggeration, often another name for calumny, ceases to be an ornament of style.

MUSIC.

THE present series of concerts given by Madlle Lind are now drawing speedily to a close, and are announced to terminate next week. The blank left in our musical entertainments will be great indeed when this lady takes her final leave of us; but it will be no slight benefit to the cause of music in this country, if she has done no more than show her hearers what a true singer is, no other artist in the plenitude of her powers having ever done so. There has not been much novelty produced at this latter series. The Italian scenes and arias have been but repetitions of those sung by Madlle Lind in the autumn; but sung, as ever, with the utmost finish of mechanism, and the truest artistic feeling. The aid of Signor Salvi has enabled them to sing some of the most celebrated operatic trios, of which we must distinguish that from the second act of Robert the Devil as being really masterly in its delivery. Signor Salvi has been singing with his customary care and neatness, but he does not gain in feelings as he does in experience: his is not the *ars celare artem*, and, to us, his most successful efforts are always dead and cold. Signor Belletti sings all he undertakes, almost perfectly. His *Largo al Factotum* is excellent, while his animated rendering of the characteristic Tarentella, always delights his audience. The orchestra has wonderfully improved under M. Benedict's management; that long-desired, but rarely-achieved piano accompaniment has been mastered; and on some occasions the performances have been nearly all that could be desired. In addition to well played overtures we have had some of Mendelssohn's gems, admirably played. We will instance the minuet from his posthumous symphony, which was last week beautifully given. It would seem, however, that the chief attraction has been Madlle Lind's singing of Scotch and English Ballads; true genius is always versatile; it was therefore to be expected that her rendering of these would be as excellent as all else she does; but her version, we might almost say, performance, of "Coming thro' the Rye," is really inimitable. Nothing can be in more perfect keeping than her ornaments; she has seized the spirit of the song

completely, and brings down the same delighted applause every time she sings it. It is the very poetry of coquetry. John Anderson my Joe has been as successfully sung, with a quiet sweetness that is beautiful. Auld Robin Grey was, however, a mistake, in our opinion; a proper conception of the melody alone would have led her to take the words also in their true pathetic sadness, and this was altogether wanting. But among the gems of these concerts nothing can equal this lady's singing of the Gipsy song, in Meyerbeer's *Camp of Sileair*. It is the perfection of brilliancy and character. Difficult as it is, it is delivered with the utmost care and certainty, while her animation and spirit render it incomparable.

We must repeat, the close of these concerts will be a source of genuine regret to all lovers of music, that no opera companies, Havana or otherwise, can in any way soften.

THE DRAMA.

It is a pleasure worth chronicling, that there is a stir of novelty in public amusements: it almost justifies a thrill when, in the same week, Novelty takes all the houses of the town in charge. A word for each. At BROUGHAM'S LYCEUM, we give precedence (as it is understood) to a lady for her "Home-Book of Beauty," somewhat deficient in comic incident, but neat in the dialogue, well-put upon the stage, and played with spirit. The BROADWAY has given us "Retired from Business," from the sterling playwright, DOUGLAS JERROLD, crispy as usual in style, with a shrewd gird in every other sentence, and demonstrative against cant—in due alternation, we have this week the spectacle of "Azael; or, the Prodigal Son," promised to be of unusual "gorgeousness," and doubtless well appointed under Mr. BARRETT, and well dialogued, as the text is by a successful adapter and dramatist, Mr. WARE. Mr. NIBLO illumines the week with the firework gymnastics of our "ancient" limbertoes, GABRIEL RAVEL. Welcome, Gabriel! Mr. BARNUM has trotted the public briskly with thick-coming concerts, crowded to the door, sung, lighted, and generally administered with the success which makes it a point to always accompany his undertakings. In Chambers street at BURTON'S, a solid company moves on with steady rank in the old marches of comedy, such as "Road for Ruin," "Cure for the Heart-Ache"—the pleasure of attendance at that house being not a little magnified by smiling officers, who should be remembered on ticket night; as no doubt they will be.

Of American actors, Mr. NEAFIE has passed through the city northward, with handfuls of friendly tokens gathered at the South and West. He has no reason to complain of the climate of that region, as his harvest of praise has been abundant—to which bear witness, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and Baltimore journals, in terms of hearty recognition. We hope to see Mr. NEAFIE in the city, and to judge for ourselves of the stride onward we are sure he has made in the higher walks of the profession.

Mr. BUCHANAN has returned from a short foray as far as Providence. The town is curious to see Mr. BUCHANAN in his "new" parts—both tragedy and comedy. He is reported to have made a strong impression in Sir Giles Overreach, and to have deepened and greatly improved his "Cæcinnia"—whereof we hope to have an early opportunity to be witnesses.

MAX MARETZKE, also, the India-rubber impressario—we mean the manager of irrepres-

sible elasticity—also bounds into the field—with the "combined talent of the Astor Place and Havana Opera Companies"—at the Opera House in Astor Place. No man has ever seized the difficult reins of musical management and the interests of Opera in this city, with a firmer hand than M. MARETZKE. It is no slight circumstance of attraction to the comforts of attendance, that Mr. Martin, Treasurer, Mr. Nathans, Morris, Bogart, and other capable and courteous lieutenants, aid and assist at Astor Place in the coming season.

FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

THE impression of the simple ceremonial of American political life upon the eye of an intelligent European, is conveyed in the following passage descriptive of the recent visit of the President and Cabinet to this city, *en route* for the Erie Railroad celebration, from the *Courier des Etats Unis* of this city, translated in the *Courier and Enquirer*:—"The scene would assuredly not have satisfied the men who cherish the memory of great monarchical or imperial ceremonies. The platform had nothing to ornament it but one table, on which were some tumblers and a pitcher of water; and another where several reporters took notes; and withal some very ordinary chairs, and benches of a Spartan simplicity. There was no *fauteuil* for the President, no particular seat for the ministers. The group which pressed around the President presented no brilliant uniforms. There was no distinction among the different persons who composed it, and the humblest citizen found his place there as well as the first magistrate of the city. A complete *laissez-aller*, a liberty without restraints, without rules, without formalities, without a shadow of etiquette, prevailed about the Chief Magistrate of the nation; and the mixing up of persons was so complete—without the least disorder, however, without the least unseemly crowding—that at the left of the President, for example, there was a man who swung his hat before him, and at every swing cried 'Hurrah!'—and on the right, a reporter, standing upright, engaged in taking down, with much apparent activity, every word which came from the mouths of the speakers. In short, it was a ceremony without the slightest ceremonial; and yet, for all this, everything passed off none the less admirably. The three men who figured in the first rank have elsewhere made their peculiar mark, for Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Crittenden form the three most striking types to be signalized in the American population. The first appears to be one of those honest and loyal natures whose simplicity is relieved by some attentiveness to personal appearance, or rather by certain habits residence in large towns gives. Though his hair is perfectly grey, the air of youth and health which his countenance retains seems to indicate that he bears without fatigue the burden of power which has proved so fatal to more than one of his predecessors. Mr. Fillmore personifies the intelligent and progressive *bourgeoisie*, if the term *bourgeoisie* has any meaning in a democratic country. At the side of the smiling figure of the President advanced the dark and negligent Daniel Webster: that powerful head whose front so broadly expands itself; that eye so deeply seated, and betraying so much energy; that visage bearing in each of its features the mark of labor, of care, and perhaps of passion, arrests the attention at the first glance. One feels that here is one of those extraordinary individualities that dominate by the superiority of intellect. These individualities may exist everywhere; but, if you observe the striking points of Mr. Webster, you say that such a man belongs to a country where civilization is singularly advanced, and which has the experience of the oldest societies. With a little rigor you find a sort of *parti pris* in the negligence of his apparel, but you do not think of concerning yourself with such trifling details. You only say that Mr. Web-

ster lives in a country where the form and color of the coat in no way affect the real dignity of the man. This point stands out more boldly yet in Mr. Crittenden. His frock-coat, with collar not irreproachably adjusted, and pockets gaping open to receive papers, the handkerchief with which he wipes his brow, the tie of his cravat—in a word, the whole of his accoutrement denotes him a man of the West; and neither his physiognomy nor his language contradicts this indication. An eye quick, piercing, inquisitive, showing at once a rare discernment and an elevated spirit, and mouth firmly set, which readily opens for irony, relieve a visage which, without these merits, would have been ordinary enough. In looking at Mr. Crittenden one is tempted to exclaim, 'Here is a keen blade'; and the epithet so often employed in America, and so expressive, *smart*, seems to have been intended to paint him. The presence of these men, so different, and yet animated with the same political faith, their high position compared with the unceremoniousness of their attire, and the familiarity with which they were approached—their perfect ease in the presence of their fellow-citizens—their bearing and simple manners—all powerfully reminded us of the excellence of the democratic system, and we were struck with the spectacle as if it were entirely new to us. Again, hearing their addresses, or rather their unpretending talk with the crowd, and considering at the same time the great work whose completion they were going to celebrate, we said that the future belongs of right to those who so know how to unite the action to the word."

As another evidence of the swift multiplication of the metropolis, we have in Broadway (near Houston) a new central Post Office, under the competent management of Mr. J. H. LABAGH, whose personal popularity will almost of itself be sufficient to engage our citizens in correspondence for the pleasure of visiting his quaint cabin of Letters to drop them in.

A naturalist has sent the following communication to the editor of the *Newport Mercury* in regard to the "so-called turbot," said to have been taken recently in our waters. The naturalist dates from Boston:—"Among the various flat-fish of Massachusetts, one species has long been known by the fishermen under the above name, and considered identical with that of England. Epicures have also labored under the same mistake; sometimes even taking the trouble, as did often the late Captain Sturgis, of visiting Provincetown, and other famed localities on Cape Cod, that they might feast on the fish themselves had caught. When, however, by order of our Legislature, Dr. Storer of this city began the preparation of his report upon the Ichthyology of the State, the true character of the fish was discovered, and it proved distinct from the foreign species, resembling more nearly the so-called 'brill' of the English coast. From this, however, it also differs. This report was published in 1839. Dr. S. had previously expressed doubts concerning the identity of the species in a communication to the Boston Natural History Society, in 1837, and published in the first volume of the Society's 'Journal.' In a 'Synopsis of the Fishes of North America,' published in the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences for 1846, Dr. Storer goes further, and declares our turbot to be the same as the one found in the waters of New York, and described by Dekay in his State Report. So that it ranges from Massachusetts to New York, and ought accordingly to be found along the intervening coast. The true name of the fish is *Platessa Oblonga*—that of the English turbot is *Rhombus Maximus*, and of the English brill *R. Vulgaris*. So that the two latter are not only distinct species from the first, but even belong to another genus. It has at various times been brought to our market alive by enterprising fishermen, and meets with a ready sale as the genuine turbot."

The Erie Railroad is the longest in the world—467 miles. That between Moscow and St. Petersburg, in Russia, is the next in length, being

420 miles. The Russian government is about beginning a road from Warsaw to St. Petersburg, a distance of more than 700 miles, of which Maj. T. S. Brown, late of the Erie road, will be Chief Engineer. It is noteworthy that the American great enterprise is by a private company; the Russian is built by government.

A correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer* writes, that the late Major DAVEZAC, when a passenger some years ago on board the packet ship *Cambridge*, from Liverpool to New York, related the following incident illustrative of the sharp shooting at the battle of New Orleans. He stated that, on the morning after the battle, twelve broiled robins were placed on the breakfast table, prepared for General Jackson and his suite, which had been shot with a rifle, *through the head*, by one of the Kentucky Riflemen who had been in the conflict; he had fired *thirteen times*, and missed hitting his bird in the head only once! This circumstance being soon known in the neighborhood, a certificate of the fact was requested of and obtained from Gen. Jackson and his aids, by the British officers, that, by such evidence, on their return to London, they might exhibit to their Government the character of the enemy at New Orleans.

A London correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, writing from the Great Fair, remarks:—"The ignorance of the great mass of English people in regard to everything in the United States is amazing. To say nothing of their lack of knowledge in regard to our forms of government, our institutions, the immense distance between our extreme boundaries, and the facilities we possess for internal communication, there is a most vague idea prevalent about what we really are as a people—an idea made up from what they read in picture books of Indian wars and from what they hear by rumor of Yankee enterprise, that keeps them for ever wrong in every estimate they form of what we are made up of and what we can do. As an example of this, a very intelligent person asked me yesterday, how I could account for it that the American face bore a strong resemblance to the native Indian? I doubted the fact, but the gentleman kindly assured me that it had been for a long time noticed and commented upon by persons in England, who had had most intercourse with the United States people. * * * I think it is no exaggeration to say, that the people of Springfield, every class of them, from you who sit behind your editorial desk to the poorest laborer who reads your weekly issue, knows more of England, of its people, habits, modes of thought, government, transactions, and everything pertaining to it, than the most intelligent men of England know of the United States. Our commercial intelligence, our markets, our stocks, and everything which pertains to our monetary affairs, the Times, the Chronicle, the Gazette, and the Observer—the four principal papers in London—publish in full, but beyond that, unless it be some wild extravaganzas of the New York Herald in regard to British Affairs—not a word about us is ever or rarely published. And that reminds me to say, that the Herald is almost the only American Paper which is read in England. Go anywhere, wherever you expect to find a United States newspaper, and the one sure to be given you, from the embassy to the gin-shop, from the Reading Room of the Society of Arts at the Adelphi, to the Albert chop-shop in Rotten Row, will be the New York Herald." To which we may add an anecdote from Daniel Webster's Dinner Speech at Buffalo:—"Gentlemen, the commercial character so far pervades the minds of commercial men all over the world, that there are many men who are very respectable and intelligent, who do not seem to know there is any part of the United States but New York. (Laughter.) I was in England, and when I was there it was asked of me, if I did not come from New York. (Great laughter.) I told them my wife came from New York. (continued laughter)—that is something (great laughter). Well, gentlemen, I had the honor one day to be invited to a state dinner by the Lord Mayor of London. He was a portly and a corpulent gen-

tleman (laughter)—he had a big wig on his head, all powdered and ribboned down behind, and I had the honor to sit between him and the Lady Mayor; and there were 300 guests, with all the luxuries and gorgeousness of the Lord Mayor's dinner. By and by, in the course of the proceedings, his lordship thought proper, soon after the cloth was removed, to take notice of his American guest. He seemed not to know who I was. He knew I was a Senator; but of the United States he seemed to have but little idea of any place but New York. (Laughter.) He arose: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I give you the health of Mr. Webster, a member of the upper Senate of New York.' (Great outburst of laughter.) Well, gentlemen, it was a great honor to be a member of any Senate of New York, but if there was an upper Senate, to be a member of that would be a great honor indeed. (Tremendous laughter.)

We notice in the *Examiner* the following mention of Mr. Leslie's contribution to the Royal Academy for the present year,—"*Falstaff* personating the King," from Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, in which of course Poins, Gadshill, Peto, Bardolph, and Francis, that goodly company, figure with the artist's characteristic variety:—"Mr. Leslie's '*Falstaff*' is a picture of infinite humor and character. Here we have probably the most felicitous pictorial presentation of the fat knight that has yet been produced. Strictly speaking, *Falstaff* is one of those creations of Shakespeare that can be seen only by the mind's eye. In that world he is an intense reality: on canvas or in marble the body is apt to usurp the place of the mind. But what man can do Mr. Leslie has done to reveal what constitutes the charm of *Falstaff*—those heterogeneous and incongruous characteristics which are so difficult of presentment to the bodily eye. His *Falstaff*, unwieldy and sensuous though he be, is still a man whose appearance might attract even the son of a king. His attendants are grotesque humorists, without being exaggerated. The grave defect of the picture is the slight and flimsy figure of Prince Hal, which might really have provoked from *Falstaff* that shower of unsavory similes with which in the interchange of unbridled repartee he overwhelms him."

Several designs of Leslie also have found their way to the public in an exhibition of the labors or rather amusements of the Sketching Society, which we find thus noticed in the *Lit. Gazette*:—"The Sketching Society.—Mr. Hogarth, of No. 5 Haymarket, has on view a collection of sketches, about 250 in number, each of which, being merely the work of a couple of hours, is a production of merit. They are chiefly from the pencils of Stanfield, Leslie, Partridge, Uwins, and the two Chalons, and are chiefly interesting as showing the different interpretations given to the same subject by different artists. Thus, while A. Chalon illustrates '*A Fall*,' by a falling angel, Stanfield illustrates it by a boy tumbling on the ice, and a midshipman falling *en deshabelle* out of his hammock through the cord of one end of it becoming unloosed; and Leslie, by a scene of the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, from Henry VIII.—'Read o'er this, and after, this—' and then to breakfast with what appetite you may.' For the subject '*A Wild-geese Chase*,' Chalon has a humorous sketch of a boy with a salt box endeavoring to bait the tails of a flight of geese; and Stanfield, a capital figure of an old gentleman plunging into his pockets after a pair of spectacles which are compositely raised upon his forehead. Among the illustrations of '*A Hoax*' is a gem by Edwin Landseer, which would as well serve for '*Art and Nature*.' A boy is endeavoring to set a dog at a huge toy lion on four wheels, the woodenness of which, contrasted with the instinctive halt of the dog before the doubtful reality of its lifeless adversary, is marvellously touched. The subject of '*Elevation*,' commanded by Her Majesty for a set of sketches, is finely treated by Uwins in the '*Raising of the Serpent*,' and by Partridge in the '*Elevation of the Cross*.' There are some capital *Imitations of Ancient and Modern Masters*, and for *Anecdotes of British Painters*, Partridge illustrates 'Blake, when dying, making a sketch of his weeping wife';

Stump has 'Gainsborough's first sight of the young lady who afterwards became his wife;' Uwins has 'Barry studying the head-dress of Italian peasant women;' Leslie has 'West obtaining his colors from the American Indians;' and Chalon has 'Gainsborough enjoying an air on the violin, for which he paid with a picture.'"

Fraser's Magazine for May takes a practical common sense view of a literary question sometimes agitated, viz. Whether a reviewer should *always* read the book in hand:—"But here comes in a delicate question. Are we bound to read books before reviewing them? There is, certainly, a popular canon to that effect, just as there is about the evil of covetousness; but in practice we are afraid reviewers act up to the one rule as little as the whole world does to the other; a scurvy method of action, for if the books need not be read in order to review them, and the popular canon be a superstition, the honest way is to say so boldly, and tell authors, as we do now openly, 'Review your books we will, if you demand it of us; but as for our reading them previously, you must take your chance. That must depend on the savor of the first chance taste we get of them, on the "Sortes Virgilianæ" method, opening the book at random. All we promise is, that we will take care the book is not upside down.' Why not? 'Ex pede Herculeum.' If you see a black hand protruding from a coat-sleeve, are you not justified in proclaiming the owner to be either a negro, or at least an Ethiopian serenader, who, wishing to be taken for a negro, cannot in fairness object to be treated as one? Why should not the same reasoning hold good of a volume of poetry? Certainly, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, and the fates being adverse—or perhaps merciful—to the author, the reviewer may, unfortunately, open at just the worst piece in the book, and misjudge accordingly. But, suppose we look first at the preface, to see what the author professes to be going to say, and what he thinks of himself, and what, if it be a 'new edition'—of twenty-five copies—the press thinks of him, or is made to think of him by the paste-and-scissors method of selection, by which one elipt sentence out of a slashing condemnation is made to serve as unqualified approbation; and suppose next, we look at his last page, to see the conclusion to which he comes, and how he can express it, and what sort of notion of finishing off and making all ship-shape he may have; or, if the volume be a cento of unconnected pieces, suppose we pick out that which has the most hopeful title, and is about the shortest on the list, and see how he has handled that; we will warrant that on this plan no true poet escapes the observation of a reviewer of average fairness and discernment. And as for pleading that there are pretty things, or one or two good things, or so forth, overlooked, we have treated that question already, and now only add, that the author having made not merely a copy of verses, but a whole book, when once we have looked at the general form of it, one sample of the material ought to be quite sufficient. The pedant's brick, however bad a representative of his house, was surely good evidence that it was not built of stone; and as for a fine passage here and there, the notorious success of a certain personage in painting one side of his house pea-green, was no proof whatsoever of his talents as an architect."

The *Leader* announces a new German paper in London, under the thoroughly democratic editorship of General Haug, assisted by Kinkel, Arnold Ruge, and Johannes Ronge. Its title is *Kosmos*, and it will also contain articles in French, Italian, and English, written by leaders of the European democracy.

VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

[From the *Evening Post*.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: Is it generally known (or have I made a discovery, or only stumbled upon a

mare's nest?) that Washington's family coat-of-arms is the seed of your star-spangled banner—even as Washington himself may be regarded as the type and first fruits of all that is best in your national character? Anyhow, the coincidence is a happy one; and I think your readers may like to see it noticed in your columns. Those three words, "Exitus acta probat," the motto of the coat, really are an epitome of American history.

Truly yours,

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

WASHINGTON'S HERALDRY.

Consider this ancestral shield
With honors all aglow—
Above, three stars upon the field,
Three ruddy stripes below;
The royal eagle's uncrowned head
A crest of pride is seen,
And round this legend may be read
"The End approves the Mean."
The first in peace, the first in war,
First in the hearts of men,
We know who bore the stripe and star
And cried eagle then:
Who bears it now—yon flag aloft,
O'er sea and land unfurled?
Whose is this striped and starry coat
That dazzles all the world?
Ever the same! a Washington's!
But in expanded phase;
He lives in you, his noble sons,
And glories in your praise.
And well his eagle spirit loves
To note how truly still
Your Present all his Past approves,
As all your Future will!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Pittsburgh, May 15, 1851.

This interesting matter is further explained in the following extract, which we make from Mr. Tupper's recent speech at the Baltimore anniversary:—

"In conclusion, Mr. Tupper related what appeared to him an important, an interesting idea—possibly a discovery—as to the origin of our national flag, which he specially commended to the investigation of the Maryland Historical Society. He said: 'Yesterday, I made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and was exceedingly struck by the circumstance that the ancient family coat-of-arms of the illustrious Washington, consists of three stars in the upper portion of the shield, and three stripes in the lower portion; the crest is an eagle's head; and the motto, singularly appropriate to American history:

"Exitus acta probat."

"I cannot but consider this a most interesting coincidence," said Mr. Tupper, "and one well worthy of historical research. The world may well congratulate America upon being the geographical apotheosis of that great unspotted character, who, while he yet lived, was prospectively her typical impersonation. The three stars, by a more than tenfold increase, have expanded into thirty-three; the glorious issue has abundantly vindicated every antecedent fact; and your whole emergent eagle, fully plumed, is now long risen from his eyrie, and soars sublimely to the sun of heaven."—[*Eds. Evening Post*.]

ERRATA.—The telegraphic wires make wild work with poetry. The electric fluid manifestly does not understand the laws of metre, and shows an incorrigible tendency to deviate into little zigzags and rhythmical irregularities. Equally inattentive is it to the proprieties of language, which make so much of the charm of poetic composition. Yesterday, in a report of a long speech of Webster, made at Buffalo, at a dinner got up by those who are preparing to put him forward for the Presidency, the well known lines of Denham, addressed to the river Thames, were introduced by the speaker:

Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without overflowing, full.

The telegraphic report put the lines into this shape:

Oh could I throw like thee,
And make this stream
My great exemplar.
As it is my theme.
Though deep, yet clear,
Though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without fear,
Without overflowing, full.

At this part of the speech, say the newspapers, the wires began to play such pranks that it was not easy to follow the report of the speech any further.—*Evening Post*.

THE FUTURE OF EGYPT.—That the East will never regenerate itself, contemporary history shows; nor has any nation of history culminated twice. The spent summer blooms no more—the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent; and even "Medea's wondrous alchemy" will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the seat that advances for ever on the shore,—the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. The Western who lives in the Orient does not assume the kaftan and the baggy breeches, and those of his Muslim neighbors shrink and disappear before his coat and pantaloons. The Turkish army is clothed like the armies of Europe. The Grand Turk himself, Mohammed's vicar, the Commander of the Faithful, has laid away the magnificence of Haroun Alraschid, and wears the simple red Tarboosh and a stiff suit of military blue. Cairo is an English station to India; and the Howadji does not drink sherbet upon the Pyramids, but champagne. The choice Cairo of our Eastern imagination is contaminated with carriages. They are showing the secrets of the streets to the sun. Their silence is no longer murmurous, but rattling. The *uzbeekceyah*—public promenade of Cairo—is a tea garden, of a Sunday afternoon crowded with ungainly Franks, listening to bad music. Ichabod! Ichabod! steam has towed the Mediterranean up the Nile to Boulak; and as you move on to Cairo, through the still surviving masquerade of the Orient, the cry of the melon merchant seems the significant cry of each sad-eyed Oriental, "Consoler of the embarrassed, O pipa!"—*Mr. Curtis's Nile Notes*.

EXPOSURE OF THE MAJOR PENDENNISE.—Whether the following story be credible, is nothing to the purpose. It is too good not to be able to command appreciating belief. Most readers, nowadays—thanks to Thackeray's portraits—understand the class of shaky old dandies, elaborately got up by their tailors and valets, who go nodding their grizzled old heads along the sunny side of Pall-Mall, or bask in the biggest bow-windows of the clubs, and totter about in the lobbies or the *coulisses* of the Opera at night, looking dashing young fellows of thirty when their backs only are seen, and sinking at once into superannuated old-fogeyism when they face round, and you can mark the dry, coarse, wrinkled facial skin, and the deeply-sunk crow's-feet ramifying round the eyes. One of these respectable Methuselahs—a man great in the West, mighty in the morning rooms of clubs, known to all attentive students of the *Court Circular*, steady at his post in the omnibus box, persevering in his homage to the *reine de la danse*—is under the sad necessity, notwithstanding his excess of juvenility, and the fact that he has not yet sown his wild oats, of wearing a wig. A commonplace matter this, but not so commonplace, considering how our hero manages it. The *on dit* runs that he entertains a score of wondrously made perukes, the nut-brown ringlets in each of nicely differing degrees of length. Thus, No. 1 appears like a tolerably short crop. No. 20 is modelled upon Hyperion's curls. Then for the application. Beginning with No. 1, each wig is worn for three or four days, up, of course, to No. 20. In a week or so, the short crop again appears. "Ah," says his Lordship, in the club, "the fact is, I've—been—a—a—getting my hair cut."—*Illustrated London News*.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

To READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—"Imitation" in our next. "E. D." received.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 24TH OF MAY TO THE 7TH OF JUNE.

- Arthur (T. S.).—*The Way of Providence*. Pp. 215. The Two Wives; or, Lost and Won. Pp. 184. (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)
- Baird (R.).—*Christian Retrospect and Register*. A Summary of the Scientific, Moral, and Religious Progress of the First Half of the 19th century. 12mo. pp. 420. (M. W. Dodd.)
- Baldwin (T.).—*A Pronouncing Gazetteer*. 12mo. pp. 704. (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)
- Bail (B. W.).—*Elfin Land, and other Poems*. 12mo. pp. 150. (Boston, James Munroe & Co.)
- Book of the Telegraph. 12mo. pp. 46. (Boston, Daniel Davis.)
- Burke (W. M.D.).—*The Mineral Springs of Virginia, with Remarks on their Use*. 12mo. pp. 348. (Richmond, Va., Morris & Bro.)
- Caudie, Mrs. *Certain Lectures*. 12mo. pp. 144. (Stringer & Townsend.)
- Clarke (Mary Cowden).—*The Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines*. VI.—Isabella, the Viatic. 12mo. pp. 89. (Putnam.)
- Comte (A.).—*The Philosophy of Mathematics*. Trans. by W. M. Gillespie. 8vo. pp. 260. (Harper & Bros.)
- Controversy touching the Old Stone Mill in the Town of Newport, R. I. 12mo. pp. 10. (Newport, C. E. Hamill, Jr.)
- Fourth Annual Report of the Regents of the University on the Condition of the State Cabinet of Natural History, and the Historical and Antiquarian Collection annexed thereto. 8vo. pp. 146. (Albany.)
- Frodet (P. D.D.).—*Ancient History, from the Dispersion of the Sons of Noe to the Battle of Actium and Change of the Roman Republic into an Empire*. Pp. 490. Modern History, from the Coming of Christ and the Change of the Roman Republic into an Empire to the Year of our Lord, 1850. 12mo. pp. 552. (Baltimore: J. Murphy.)
- Grey (Maria G.) and Shireff, Emily.—*Thoughts on Self-Culture, addressed to Women*. 12mo. pp. 464. (Boston, Crosby & Nichol.)
- Grote (G.).—*History of Greece*. Vol. 4. 12mo. pp. 419. (Boston, J. P. Jewett & Co.)
- Haldemann (S. S.).—*Elements of Latin Pronunciation, for the Use of Students*. 12mo. pp. 76. (Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)
- Harpers' New York and Erie Railroad Guide Book. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 176. (Harper & Bros.)
- Herbert (Rev. G.).—*Life and Writings: with the Synagogue, in imitation of Herbert*. 12mo. pp. 452. (Boston, Jas. Munroe & Co.)
- Hitchcock (E. D.D., LL.D.).—*The Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences*. 12mo. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.)
- Hopkins (Louisa P.).—*The Guiding Star; or, the Bible God's Message*. 18mo. pp. 209. (Boston, Gould & Lincoln.)
- Howitt (Mary).—*The Heir of West Wayland: a Tale*. 12mo. pp. 332. (Harper & Bros.)
- Hughes (W. C.).—*American Miller, and Millwrights' Assistant*. 12mo. pp. 223. (Phila., H. C. Baird.)
- Ida. 12mo. pp. 68. (Boston, Jas. Munroe & Co.)
- Keith (Rev. A.).—*Harmony of Prophecy; or, Scriptural Illustrations of the Apocalypse*. 12mo. pp. 439. (Harper & Bros.)
- Lamarine (A.).—*England in 1850*. Translated by W. Charles Ouseley. 8vo. pp. 41. (W. C. Bryant & Co.)
- Leslie (Miss).—*The Dennings and their Beaux, with Alina Dalry*. 8vo. (Phila., A. Hart.)
- Miller (Hugh).—*First Impressions of England and its People*. 12mo. pp. 430. (Boston, Gould & Lincoln.)
- Moister (W.).—*Memorials of Missionary Labors in Africa and the West Indies*. 12mo. pp. 348. (Lane & Scott.)
- Neill (P.).—*The Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Garden*. 12mo. pp. 427. (Phila., H. C. Baird.)
- Noble Deeds of American Women; with Biographical Sketches of some of the More Prominent. Edited by J. Clement. With an Introduction by Mrs. Sigourney. 12mo. pp. 480. (Buffalo, G. H. Derby & Co.)
- Overman (F.).—*The Manufacture of Steel*. 12mo. pp. 236. (Phila., A. Hart.)
- Schmitz (Dr. L.).—*A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Destruction of Corinth*. 12mo. pp. 543. (Harper & Bros.)
- Shakspeare (W.).—*Works*. Edited by Rev. H. N. Hudson. Vol. 1. 12mo. pp. 450. (Boston, J. Munroe & Co.)
- Some Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs. Illustrated, by Darley. 12mo. pp. 301. (Phila., Getz & Buck.)
- Sophokles.—*Alas, with Critical and Explanatory Notes*. 12mo. pp. 343. (Cambridge, John Bartlett.)
- Steward (G.).—*Religion the Weal of the Church and the Need of the Times*. 12mo. pp. 256. (Lane & Scott.)
- Stray Subjects, arrested and bound Over; being the Fugitive Offspring of the "Oodun" and "Youngun." Illustrated by Darley. 12mo. pp. 199. (Phila., Getz & Buck.)
- Swedenborg (E.).—*Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom*. 8vo. pp. 432. (American Swedenborg Soc.)
- The Sea King: a Nautical Romance. 8vo. pp. 203. (Phila., A. Hart.)
- The Gold Worshippers; or, the Days we Live In. 8vo. pp. 144. (Harper & Bros.)

- The Island of Life: an Allegory. By a Clergyman. 12mo. pp. 89. (Boston, Jas. Munroe & Co.)
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